THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

March, 1802.

Stephanie Felicité Ducrest, Marquise de Sillery,

FORMERLY

COMTESSE DE GENLIS.

[With a Portrait.]

THIS celebrated Lady, whose writings are well known to the public, was selected in early life, by the late Duke of Orleans, as preceptress to his two sons; and how well she was qualified for that office may be seen in her numerous works on education and morals. Her "*Theatre of Education*" has uncommon merit, being at once captivating and instructive. In less than a year from its first publication, it was translated into no fewer than six foreign languages. It is impossible to array goodness in a garb more natural or more becoming than is done in these little comedies. By this species of drama habits of virtue are most strongly impressed; for, in common with fable and narration, it exhibits moral truth before the youthful fancy in lively and pleasing colours, and obtains for it a free admission into the heart, by combining it with characters and scenes adapted to interest the passions; and, beside this, it has the peculiar advantages of engaging the attention, by the gradual unfolding of the plot; giving an air of reality

to fiction, by character and dialogue. In fact, though these pieces were written for the use of children, they are not confined to the improvement of the young; persons of all ages, of all ranks, and professions, may discover in them useful hints for the regulation of their conduct in the most important situations of life.

Her "*Annals of Virtue*," "*Adelaide and Theodore*," &c. &c., all have the same moral tendency, and afford like amusement. Beside which, this Lady has published "*Rash Vows*," "*The Rival Mothers*," and, we believe, some other agreeable Novels.

Having lost her husband under the sanguinary tyranny of Robespierre, Madame Sillery sought an asylum from revolutionary horrors in the Duchy of Holstein, at a village called Silk, about fifteen miles from Hamburgh; where, we believe, she still resides*, with her niece, on a farm in the occupation of her son-in-law, General Valence.

☞ If any of our numerous Correspondents can favour us with farther particulars of this Lady, we shall feel ourselves under considerable obligation.

THE OLD WOMAN.

NO. XLIV.

THE biography of distinguished and virtuous characters I have ever considered as the most instructive species of composition. The female mind is prone to imitation; and, if it be imbued with sound principles at an early age, and if proper models are timeously exhibited for its contemplation, the effects will be salutary and lasting. Precept, indeed, is less efficacious than example; but both

* By some mistake, her death was formally announced in the Obituary of the Gentleman's Magazine for February 1790.

should

should be employed to form the heart to virtue, and to arm it with resolution, under the trying circumstances of life.

It has frequently been supposed, that the fascinations of ambition enthral the soul; that the splendor of rank and the advantages of birth enervate the mind, and unqualify the possessors for struggling with ills, or attempting to overcome them; but the subsequent memoirs, taken from the history of the Mauritius, and written by Charles Grant, Viscount de Vaux, evince such a wonderful train of events, so many trials of female character, and so much prudent fortitude, and contempt of grandeur, in one of the weaker sex, that they can neither be uninteresting in detail, nor useless in their application.

Charlotte Christina Sophia de Wolfenbuttel, wife of Czarovitz Alexis, son of Peter I., Czar of Moscovy, and sister of the Empress of Charles VI., was born August 26, 1694. This Princess, though possessed of beauty and virtue in a high degree, became an object of aversion to her husband, a man of a savage and ferocious disposition. He had several times attempted to poison her, when she was saved by the timely application of antidotes. At length, he one day gave her such a violent kick on her bowels, when she was eight months advanced in her pregnancy, that she fell senseless on the floor, which was soon encrimsoned with her blood. Peter I. was then engaged in one of his journies: his son, having every reason to believe that his unfortunate Princess would not survive the injury she had received, set off immediately for his country house. The Countess of Konismarck, mother of Marshal de Saxe, attended on the Princess when she was brought to bed of a dead child, and nursed her with unceasing care. Being sensible, however, that, if the unfortunate woman recovered, she would perish, sooner or later, from the brutal nature of the Czarovitz, she formed a plan to gain over the attendants of the Princess, and suborned them to declare that she was dead, as well as her infant. The Czarovitz

accordingly ordered her to be interred without delay, and without ceremony. Couriers were dispatched to the Czar to inform him of the event; and all the Courts of Europe put on mourning for *the bundle of sticks which were committed to the tomb.*

In the mean time, the Princess, who had been removed to a retired part of the country, gradually recovered her health; when, being possessed of some jewels, with a sum of money which the Countess of Konismarck had procured for her, and clothed in the dress of common life, she set off for Paris, accompanied by an old German domestic, who passed for her father. She made but a short stay in the metropolis of France; and, having hired a female servant, proceeded to a sea-port, and embarked for Louisiana. Her figure attracted the notice of the inhabitants; and an officer of the colony, named D'Auband, who had been in Russia, thought he recollected her. It was, however, with some difficulty that he could persuade himself of the reality of what he saw: indeed, it was scarcely possible to believe that a woman in such a situation could be the daughter-in-law of the Czar Peter. However, to ascertain the truth, he offered his services to the pretended father, and at length formed an intimate friendship with him; so that they agreed to furnish a house, and live together at their common expense.

Some time afterwards, the gazettes, which arrived in the colony, announced the death of the Czarovitz. D'Auband then declared to the Princess his knowledge of her person and rank, and offered to abandon every thing in order to conduct her to Russia: but she, finding herself infinitely more happy than when she was within the verge of royalty, refused to sacrifice the tranquility of her obscure situation for all that ambition and grandeur had to offer. She only exacted a promise from D'Auband to maintain the most inviolable secrecy, as well as to conduct himself towards her as he had hitherto done. He made the most solemn asseverations that he would obey her commands; and it

soon

soon became his interest to be faithful. The beauty, understanding, and virtues of the Princess had made a deep impression on his heart; and habitual intercourse had served to strengthen it. He was amiable and young; and she was not insensible to his attentions. They continued, however, to live on terms of apparent friendship only; but became every day dearer to each other.

The old domestic, who passed for the father of the Princess, at length, died; and she could no longer, according to the rules of female decorum, see D'Auband as she had hitherto done when under the reputed authority and protection of a parent. In this delicate situation, D'Auband opened to her the dispositions and sentiments of his heart; and proposed to add a new veil to her real condition, by becoming her husband. She consented to his proposition; and this Princess, who had been destined to wear the crown of Russia, and whose sister actually wore that of the German Empire, became the wife of a lieutenant of infantry.

In the first year of her marriage she had a daughter, whom she nursed and educated herself. They had now lived ten years in this happy state of mediocrity, when D'Auband was attacked by a fistula; and his wife, alarmed at the danger which generally accompanies the operation necessary for the cure of that disorder, insisted that it should be performed at Paris. They accordingly embarked for France; and, on their arrival at Paris, D'Auband was attended by the most skilful surgeons; and his wife waited on him throughout his illness with the most assiduous and patient affection. On his recovery, D'Auband, in order to amass a little independence for his family, solicited from the French East India Company an employment in the Isle of Bourbon, where he was appointed major.

While he was engaged in pressing this business, his wife sometimes went to take the air in the gardens of the Thuilleries. One day, as she was sitting upon a bench, and talking with her daughter in German, that she might not be

understood by those who were near her, Marshal de Saxe passed by; and, hearing two ladies speak in his native language, stopped to look at them. The mother, lifting up her eyes, and recollecting the Marshal, instantly turned them to the ground; when he, still more attracted by her evident embarrassment, suddenly exclaimed——"Is it possible!"---She did not, however, permit him to proceed; but begged him to accompany her to a more retired part of the garden, where she acknowledged herself; and, after having requested his secrecy, invited him to see her own habitation, where she would inform him of every thing.

On the following day Marshal de Saxe paid her a visit, and heard the recital of her adventures, as well as the share which the Countess of Konismarck, his mother, had in them. She conjured him, at the same time, not to reveal any thing respecting her to the King, till a negotiation which her husband was agitating was concluded, and which would be completed in three months. The Marshal acquiesced, and occasionally visited them in private. The three months being almost expired, the Marshal, on calling to see her, was informed that she and her husband had quitted Paris two days before; and that M. D'Auband had been appointed to a majority in the Isle of Bourbon.

On this information, the Marshal went immediately to Versailles, to give an account to the King of every thing relative to the Princess; when his Majesty sent for the minister of marine, M. de Machault; and, without assigning any reason, ordered him to write to the governor of the Isles of Mauritius and Bourbon, to treat M. D'Auband with every possible mark of distinction; which order was punctually executed, according to the report of Baron Grant, who had been a long time acquainted with the parties; and who remarks, as an extraordinary circumstance, that he had seen the Princess pregnant when she was upwards of fifty, about the year 1745. The King also wrote to the Queen of Hungary, with whom he was then at war, to inform her of the fortune and situation of her aunt.

The

The Queen accompanied her letter of thanks to the King with one to the Princess, in which she invited her to come and reside with her; but on condition that she would quit her husband and daughter, for whom the King engaged to make suitable provision. The Princess, however, did not hesitate a moment to refuse these conditions, and remained inviolably attached to her husband till the year 1747, when he died.

Being now a widow, and without any children alive, she returned to Paris, and took up her abode at the Hotel de Peru. Her design was to retire to a convent; but the Queen of Hungary offered to fix her at Brussels, with a pension of twenty thousand florins. It is not known, however, whether she went to reside there; but, long after, Baron Grant saw her at Vitry, where she lived in a very recluse manner, with no more than three servants, one of whom was a negro. She was there called Madame de Moldack; so it is probable that she married again, though the rank of her last husband has not been ascertained.---In 1768 this Princess was still alive, and active: at that time she was again in a state of widowhood; but when or where she finished her eventful life is not certainly known, though enough has been recorded to command our wonder, and to exercise our belief, were not the credit and character of the narrator unimpeachable.

APOSTROPHE TO THE OWL.

[From "Truth and Fiction," a Novel, by Mrs. Gooch.]

WITH a mind agitated by conflicting sentiments, I entered the summer-house: every thing was in the same situation in which we had left it. The drawings of Eloisa were scattered about in wild confusion; and Emily's harp stood uncovered at the lower end of the room. I hastily snatched up the green baize, its protector; and, after

after carefully enclosing it, was leaving the place; when the melancholy whooping of an owl on a neighbouring tree arrested my progress.

"Pensive bird!" I exclaimed, "friend to the poet, and to the careworn midnight wanderer! Dear is thy solitary plaint to me, and faithfully does my heart beat responsive to thy note of woe! The thrilling strains of joy rapturously swell the throats of the happiest of thy race;---but, ah! more welcome far to me is thy soothing invitation to peace, and to forgetfulness!---The pale orb of night alone boasts charms for thee: thou shunnest the busy turmoils witnessed by the rising sun;---for invited pleasure leads but to regret; and the fairest promises of Hope, like the partial rays of an April morn, tend but to render more acute the bitter pang of unlooked-for disappointment!"

A HASTY EFFUSION

On first hearing of the Preliminaries of Peace being signed.

FROM the South cometh a voice: it is soft and soothing; it reacheth the heart, and causeth it to swell with rapture. Borne on the wings of the wind, the rustling leaves whisper it through the branches as they fall to the earth: the air vibrates with a tremulous and gentle agitation; its pulses convey the sound: the stream, as it bubbles along, murmurs the welcome strain, and echo reverberates it through every cave. The face of all Nature is calm---she delays her Winter garment; and, clothed in the luxurious beauties of Autumn, receives the welcome guest. Obedient to her command, the grassy carpet assumes its gayest livery, decked with daisies and yellow heath flowers; a few scattered leaves add variety to the scene, and proclaim the season. The lofty Chesnut spreads her branches around, loaded with the prickly fruit; the Ash, glowing with the richest brown, suspends its winged seed

seed amidst the rich teinted foliage: not a breeze disturbs the calm serenity, but every element is melodized to harmony. The Sun diffuses his cheerful beams through the clear atmosphere; no clouds intervene to obscure his rays, which, mild and gentle, comfort without scorching the earth.

Lo! the heavens open---the blue expanse is illumed with celestial glory---a divine harmony swells through the air: ——it is the music of the spheres. A Virgin, bright as the burnished gold, and gentle as a dove, appears; her majestic port, as she traverses the blue concave, proclaims her birth celestial: she bears an olive branch in her right hand---her left she reclines on the British anchor---the eagle flutters around her---the crescent and cap of Liberty are at her feet. Her garment is of a dazzling whiteness; clear and transparent, it trains o'er the heavens, as the light clouds, which, passing o'er the Sun in noon-day splendor, refract his rays, and fold themselves in forms most beauteous. Myriads of essential beings surround her, wafting on their wings fragrant odours: in the midst she shines---in simple grace and heaven-born dignity pre-eminent. Each eye attracted, fixed on her alone, from the soft smile which plays around her mouth, the gentle air, the mild placidity, had almost learned to love; but, so attempered is her mien with every lovely, every lofty grace, that the presumptuous thought, checked in its birth, subsides to humble adoration.——She approaches the Temple of Janus---she enters its portals: the Marmorean pillars yield to her touch, and the gates are closed.—— "*Peace!*" is re-echoed by a thousand voices: the heavens are filled with the sound. Commerce unfurls her proud sails, and Peace, with her twin sister, Plenty, revisits the British shore!

ELIZA.

Kensington.

ON

ON CEREMONY AND AFFECTATION.

To the Editor.

SIR,

I AM the son of a country gentleman in Yorkshire; my father had a very numerous family: his fortune being rather small, he was obliged to adopt the most frugal system in the management of it; and, as he had never been bred to any business himself, he was too sensible of the inconvenience of it not to breed up his family to some sort of employment; he determined, therefore, to give his children the best education his fortune would afford, and to send them into the world as well qualified as possible to discharge the duties of their station. As it was agreed that I should be brought up a tradesman, my father instructed me in the French language, and made me a complete master of accounts. With this fund I was sent to London; but, before my departure, my mother took an opportunity of observing how necessary it would be for me to behave with civility and good manners to every one; that such demeanour could not fail of procuring respect and esteem; and, if I had not the happiness of being blessed with fine talents, yet the want of them would be amply made up by the decency and politeness of my deportment.

"Civility," said she, "will recommend more than good sense; for there are so few who possess the latter themselves, or are competent judges of it in others, that it is much if, in the ordinary course of business, you meet with one out of fifty who are very remarkable for it; whereas every one knows when he is treated with politeness.---When I consider how many have owed their good fortune and future welfare to a strict uniform observance of these maxims, and reflect that they cost nothing to practise them, I own I have been at a loss to account for a contrary behaviour having so long influenced any part of mankind. A customer will dispense with an inferior sort of goods from a tradesman of an easy, obliging temper; and will continue to honour him with his future favours, rather than purchase

chase a better commodity from an austere, sour, surly tradesman. It is true, that there are many very trying occurrences in the life of a tradesman, which would almost ruffle the temper of a philosopher; but the man who is not qualified to combat these difficulties, and to meet them with composure and indifference, is very unfit for a mercantile life. An appeal to your own feelings, which is the surest of all criterions to judge by, must tell you how secretly good manners work upon the mind, and influence in favour of those whose conduct is guided by it. If the pecuniary advantages resulting from an observance of these rules were not of themselves sufficient to induce and encourage the practice, still the satisfaction resulting from a life of security and composure is a sufficient inducement. Independent of these considerations, the obligations we owe to one another require us to be easy and familiar in our intercourse. It would be impossible to go through life with any degree of comfort without it."

A lesson like this, and from a mother, too, who loved me most tenderly, could not fail of having its effect---it made so deep an impression upon me, that I never forgot it; and the many trying and difficult scenes of my future life convinced me of the propriety of her reflections, and the indispensible necessity of my attending to them. In short, during my apprenticeship, I was so much convinced of the utility of this sort of conduct, and how necessary it would be to acquire the habit of accommodating myself to all tempers, that in a few years I found myself so accustomed to this kind of behaviour, that I could not, without violence to myself, act in a different manner.

Having acquired a decent fortune by my industry, I began to think of a wife; and therefore paid my addresses to a lady who had been brought up in trade, nearly of my own age, and whose temper I had frequent opportunities of knowing. After we were married, our friends and acquaintance paid us the usual visits upon the occasion; and, in the course of things, we were obliged to return the compliment to an old friend of my wife's, who had lately married a country clergyman's daughter. This

This lady was neither handsome nor ugly; but her deportment and appearance were so stiff and ceremonious, that even to me, who had been used to accommodate myself to most tempers, it appeared absurd and ridiculous. I found myself so awkward in her company, that I wished the day well over, lest an undue attention to the punctilios of the house might have been construed a wilful act of incivility, and myself deemed an unpolished rude fellow, for want of complying with forms I was totally unacquainted with. At dinner, I found myself much at a loss how to act; for, having helped myself to butter with a long spoon instead of a short one, I observed the lady frown, and look greatly discomposed. After dinner, I drank a glass or two of wine more than was agreeable to me, to avoid giving any room for the lady's suspecting I did not like it; but here I again unfortunately blundered, and increased the confusion and uneasiness, and all by helping myself to red wine in a small glass instead of a large one.

When I came home, I could not help expressing my surprise at this sort of behaviour; when my wife, to my astonishment, gave me to understand, that this lady looked upon herself as a most accomplished well-bred woman. She must, then, be very ill-natured, surely, to put herself out of humour with me for the improper use of a spoon or a glass; for, if such trifles as these are to affect her temper, her life must be a continual round of anxiety and uneasiness, and her husband a most miserable being. The more I reflected on this lady's conduct, the more I pitied her ignorance; for, under a notion of superior politeness, she introduced what was directly contrary; and, by mistaking the design of good manners, which was calculated to promote the happiness of mankind, and make them easy and agreeable, she rendered herself and every one else miserable about her.

Weak persons always carry every thing to the extreme, and generally copy the only exceptionable part of their superiors' behaviour, as if it were meritorious to imitate folly; but it should be recollected, that what is unnatural can never be pleasing.

Z.

THE

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER;
OR, THE SCHOOL FOR LEVITY.

A NOVEL.

CHAP. III.

THOUGH deeply impressed with gratitude, and tenderly affected by the kind concern expressed by his benevolent friends, Edwards knew no other cause for the sadness he felt at leaving them; a stranger yet to love, he felt only for Georgiana that tender interest which her amiability of disposition, and the familiar intimacy of childhood, warranted: to have aspired to her affection would have been, in his opinion, the grossest breach of faith and honour; nor had he the vanity to imagine she took a stronger interest in his fate than what benevolence dictated. During his journey he recruited his spirits, and met his kind friend with smiles of grateful acknowledgment. The rank and excellent character of the major procured Francis a welcome reception in the regiment, when introduced as his friend; and the subsequent good conduct of the young ensign confirmed him in the favour of the most respectable officers. Crab, too, partook of their notice with no little exultation. In a letter to his sister, who, according to promise, came to pass the ensuing vacation with Miss Evelyn, Lord Clatterton thus describes the character of his young protegée:

"I CAN truly assert, my dear sister, that Edwards is unlike most of the young officers I have hitherto met with. He turns, in disgust, from scenes of profligacy and licentiousness, to which some of the military are shamefully addicted: instead of employing his mornings in idle lounging, he generally devotes them to study; leaves the mess before he has lost the use of his senses, and can

sit in the theatre without disturbing the audience, or insulting modest women; returns to his lodgings at a seasonable hour, and is ever ready the first at the roll-call. You may suspect me of methodizing, when I express my dislike of the army, while so young, and possessing so many advantages; but, I trust, you will believe me serious when I affirm, that it is not the duties of the profession which excite my aversion, but the vices of which I see the daily practice. Forgive me, pretty sister, while I impudently declare, that to your sex may be ascribed much of the absurdity of which I complain: caught by external advantages, *weak-minded* females shew *indiscriminate* partiality to the red-coats; the consequence of which is, that they become vain and presuming, think their dress sanctions every species of irregularity, and thereby disgrace the glorious title of a British officer. That there are many who fill their stations with credit to themselves and their country, I am well convinced; nay, those very men who, at home, adopt follies so degrading, can support fatigue, brave danger, and face the foe, with the cool intrepidity of the strictest military discipline: but does civil society claim no consideration? does not the enthusiastic veneration we should feel for our heroes, our country's guardians, abate, when we behold them reeling through the streets, in brutal insensibility, uttering impious blasphemies, and shocking the eye and ear even of immorality? not to speak here of greater enormities, such as the seduction of innocence, and the destruction of matrimonial happiness. Youth, I grant, the season for enjoyment; but, surely, these are not the means: though young and gay, I thank Heaven I am no libertine; nor can I, without horror, behold the number of your sex, who, through folly, or depravity of mind, sully their reputation, and endanger their every prospect of felicity, by countenancing such beings. It will be my pride to see my sister select a man of worth; and it will be more my joy to see her *deserving* of such. With my best regards to my uncle and sweet coz, "I am your's,

"CLATTERTON."

"A pretty

"A pretty sermon this!" cried Miss Clatterton when she had read her brother's letter. "Poor Phil has had a frightful dream, I suppose, or been to see Don Juan; and so he wants to lay all the faults of his own sex upon us: good Mr. Morality, it will not do."

Miss Clatterton was standing opposite a large mirror; and, as she spoke, she surveyed her handsome figure and face with much complacency.

"Really, now, I should like to see this young hero whom my brother commends so warmly:---is he comely, Georgy?"

"Very handsome," replied Miss Evelyn, colouring.

"Why do you blush, child?---you do not love him!"

"Love him!" repeated Georgiana, turning pale; "oh! no: only you ask such odd questions."

"Pho! you are a simpleton: but, tell me---is he tall?"

"Rather."

"Well made?"

"His form cannot be found fault with."

"Really, he must be quite an Adonis!---but I dare say he is a queer mope."

"No:---I can assure you he has a great deal of spirit in his manner, and animation in his looks."

"Really, you give an exquisite description of him:---I fear you exaggerate."

"Indeed I do not; but I will shew you a sketch I took of him, before he went, to please my father: you know I am the family portrait-painter."

She then produced a drawing, which was a correct likeness of Francis.

"Your subject is an admirable one, and I believe you have done him justice," said Miss Clatterton, returning her the portrait.---"You shall make a sketch of me some day, since you are such a capital artist.——Oh! I must see this divine youth!——But, how is it possible for you to have been so long together without falling in love?"

"You cannot mean to put that question seriously!"

"And, why not?---what should prevent your loving such a charming fellow?"

"My duty to my father," replied Georgiana, while a tear started to her eye:---"he is of a respectable family, and possesses some degree of hereditary pride; and, though his humanity led him to succour this youth, whose merit still further excited his benevolence, it would ill become his daughter to turn his virtues into punishments, and fix a sting in his heart, by bestowing her affections where he cannot approve; besides which, the respect due to our antient family, the influence of my aunt, who carries her prejudices to the extreme:---all these considerations must operate to check any idea of the sort you seem to suspect."

"And yet I have my doubts," said her friend, laughing: "the vermilion on that cheek---the tear in that eye.---Ah! Georgiana, I am not so easily cheated—I have read too much not to know better.—Read Eloisa, Anna St. Ives, Emma Courtney, and several others that I could recommend; and you will own that it is your false pride that keeps you from discovering the feelings of your heart."

"I own I never read the books you mention," said Georgiana, seriously; "my father never approved of them; and, I assure you, I am sincere in saying, that I never in my life desired to do a thing contrary to his wishes or commands: but, let us change this subject---you are only bantering me."

"Not I, truly," replied the giddy girl. "Were I situated as you are, I know how I would act: I would sacrifice every thing to prove the generosity of my attachment to a worthy object."

"But, suppose no such attachment subsists?"

"It must;---unless, indeed, my brother has superseded him.——Ah! Georgiana, you are more ambitious than I suspected."

"Far from it!" returned Georgiana, piqued; "your brother's title has no allurement for me;---and, much as I esteem Lord Clatterton, I honestly declare to you, that, were I free to make my choice, Edwards would obtain the preference."

"Ah! you sly thing!---now I have detected you:——however, take your own way; and, perhaps, like my elder sister, Lady Clara, you will see the folly of such fine romantic notions, when too late."

"Poor Lady Clara!" said Georgiana; "I have always heard her spoken of as the amiable victim of parental authority."

"Yes:---she was brought up under mamma's own wing; but, thank my kind stars, I have had a more liberal education.——Our head teacher is a woman of an enlightened understanding, and generously acquaints us with the glorious privileges of which our sex have been too long unjustly deprived."

"And let me tell you," said Miss Lucretia, who just then entered, "that she had better teach you other maxims: a proper degree of liberty is necessary to the happiness of every one; but that sort of freedom which promotes boldness of countenance, indelicacy in dress, and impertinence of speech, should be excluded from the education of every young female who would be expected to credit her family."

"You are very sarcastic, Miss Evelyn," said the young lady, in return;---"but the starched manners of former days, giving way to the elegant and accommodating ease of the present, make such observations as you have just uttered merely characteristic, and adapted only to the prim lips of an old maid in a comedy."

Miss Lucretia seemed choking with passion; and Georgiana, shocked at hearing her aunt spoken to in such a manner, took the hand of Miss Clatterton, and said, mildly---"I am sure, my saucy friend, you do not mean any personal insinuation: and, with all your satire, you

will allow, that a life of virtuous celibacy, with all its peculiarities, is infinitely preferable to the most dazzling scenes of gaiety and joy, when closed by an hour of guilt and remorse, into which one may be plunged by a trifling deviation from rectitude."

—The entrance of Mr. Evelyn interrupted the discourse; and Miss Lucretia was too much pleased by the remark of Georgiana to renew it.

Our young hero, meanwhile, was passing away his days in the pleasing occupation of his professional duties: affable and obliging to all, he became the object of general esteem, and a year glided almost imperceptibly away.---Francis had been continually rallied by his gay companions on his indifference to the ladies; but, with peculiar apathy, he resisted all their efforts to engage him in scenes of gallantry; and an opportunity soon offered for them to take ample vengeance. As the regiment had an excellent band, it was customary for the ladies of the city to attend the parades—Edwards had, hitherto, beheld them all with indifference; but two strangers, one day, appeared on the ground, who irresistibly attracted his attention. The eldest appeared to be about thirty years of age, tolerably handsome, and of a shewy appearance; the youngest was well dressed, but plain and neat---her deportment was graceful in the extreme, and her countenance the most lovely he had ever beheld; there was an expression in her eye of peculiar archness; and Francis gazed at her with an earnestness that brought a blush into her face. No one could tell who she was; and he secretly determined to watch her home: an unlucky message from the colonel, however, desiring his attendance, frustrated his intention; and the ladies soon quitted the place. For several days he saw no more of them; but on the following Sunday he beheld them walking up the aisle of the Cathedral: the young stranger looked more beautiful than before; and, as Edwards could scarcely take his eyes from her, he was severely bantered by his companions; but his principal concern

concern was, that he should not be able to pursue her home. An opportunity soon presented itself for the gratification of his curiosity. Passing a music-seller's, one day, he perceived the strangers in the shop, immediately entered, and enquired for the song---

"When first I saw the Village Maid, &c."

The elder lady smiled---the youngest took no notice of the application; but, having made her purchase, quitted the shop. Edwards immediately began his enquiries, and learnt, that one of the strangers was an emigrant of distinction, who, preferring retirement, had taken lodgings at a farm-house in the neighbourhood---"where," said the shop-keeper, "I have sent them an elegant harp: the youngest lady is, I understand, an orphan niece, of English parents. Some doubts were, at first, entertained about them; but, I believe, they are good sort of people: they have no acquaintance here."

Edwards took a proper direction to the farm-house; and determined, by some means or other, to introduce himself, without reflecting upon the consequences. The major being absent, upon business relative to one of his estates, he did not mention his discovery to any of the others. On the following morning he walked past the farm, and discovered his fair Iphigenia, as he termed her, at the window, working:---a ready blush betrayed that she perceived him: he bowed respectfully; she returned his salutation with a slight inclination only, and immediately withdrew from the window. Edwards vainly waited her re-appearance, and at last retired, completely chagrined and piqued by her coyness, and for some days gave up the pursuit. Fortune seemed determined to throw them together; for, a few evenings after, he entered a box at the theatre, in which they were already seated:---as they had no gentleman to attend them, Francis would not slight the favourable opportunity; and, accordingly, seated himself beside them, and ventured a few observations on the piece; to which they, in turn,

gave

gave slight replies: by degrees their reserve wore away; and, as the polite manner in which Edwards addressed them dissipated any apprehension they might entertain, they soon became conversable and agreeable:---the youngest, whom her companion addressed by the name of Aubrey, sometimes Matilda, was witty and judicious in her observations; and Edwards easily perceived that she had had an education which her own natural genius had rendered not ill bestowed. He was permitted to see them home; but to his request of being admitted a visitor he received an absolute denial: still he was gratified by the permission of speaking to them in public; and, in every interview, he saw more and more to be charmed with. But one inconveniency arose, which neither had apprehended:---the other officers, piqued by the distinction paid to Edwards, began to be pointed in their sarcasms; and Edwards was much tormented by their importunate curiosity and satirical remarks;---and, to complete his distress, the following note was one morning put into his hands, while on parade:

"Sir,

"As you have ungenerously subjected me to the observation, not to say impertinence, of your companions, I think it time to withdraw myself from such general notice as may involve me in many unpleasant situations: I shall, therefore, attend my aunt to town. I own, I did form a more favourable opinion of you; and yet hope I did not deceive myself by believing you capable of offering me any intentional insult. When I know your character better, you shall hear again from

"M. AUBREY."

To this Edwards sent an immediate reply, expressive of his concern at her being so unjustly incensed against him; but he received no answer:---and, calling at the farm a few days after, he heard that the ladies went away, the day before, in a post-chaise, to London.

(To be continued.)

THE

THE VILLAGE GOSSIP.

NO. XII.

WE have all been thrown into the utmost confusion by an unexpected and affecting occurrence.——Rambling with Leonard and Maria through the fields leading to Mrs. Chumney's cottage, I recollected my promise to the unhappy Recluse, and determined to embrace that opportunity of calling; and, as I knew it would be an unpleasant intrusion to take my companions with me, I directed them to an aged elm, at some distance, round the ivy-decked trunk of which a rude seat had been fixed, to accommodate the weary pedestrian, or indulge the contemplative wanderer. I had scarcely reached the garden gate, when I was met by the rosy-cheeked Harriet, who bounded to salute me: I caressed her with usual fondness, and her eye roved wistfully around.—"Whom do you seek, love?" I asked.

"Pretty lady, that gave me new riband."

"She is walking across that field, Harriet:—will you go to her?"

"Oh! yes!—I can catch her!"—and away she bounded again.

I entered the cottage: the fair inhabitant was apparently very ill: she extended her hand at my approach.—

"You are very kind, Madam—I shall not long trespass upon your goodness for myself. I feel the small remains of life gradually forsaking this care-worn frame. I have struggled long with the agonies of my mind; but they are too acute;—they overwhelm me.——And now, dearest Madam, will you forgive the liberty I am about to take? For my child's sake alone do I make a request, as painful to myself as ungrateful to you: yet, I think, I am not deceived in believing you to be too generous to be swayed by one mercenary impulse. I ask not compassion: I seek only justice for an innocent babe.—Her father—"

The

The anguish of the moment overcame even maternal solicitude, and she was for some time unable to proceed.

"The secret I have so long and arduously concealed must soon be disclosed. Among my papers you will find a letter addressed to him whose loved name has ever been to me a source of consolation, even while suffering under the acutest self-reproach. I acquit him of every charge that I may have, in a moment of galling misery, brought against him: my own imprudence was the cause of my earliest misfortunes; and, though my opinion may be erroneous, I must declare, that I feel more satisfaction at the idea of having borne up against misfortune with persevering and honest pride, than if I had, in the weakness of my heart, yielded to a life of infamy, or meanly become a mendicant for pity, where affection only should have supplied relief."

The entrance of the doctor, who now, for the first time, had been summoned, interrupted our conversation; and I withdrew, with an assurance of returning as soon as his visit was ended. I accordingly pursued my way to the elm, where I saw Maria in play with the frolicsome Harriet. As I walked but slowly, in deep meditation on what I had just heard, I distinguished part of their discourse, before they perceived my approach. Leonard was seated on the bench, his arm fondly thrown around the waist of my Maria, while his eyes pursued the little cherub, who was racing round him with looks of pleasure.

"Maria," said he, laughing, "when we have such a little prattler, I shall be jealous of its love, and be continually quarrelling with you for the pre-eminence of that affection a mother naturally claims."

Maria blushed.—"What ideas, Leonard!—you talk so idly!—and such strange thoughts come in your head!"

"Nay, who can help such thoughts?—Can I behold that lovely infant, and not wish to be a father? Oh! if Heaven should bestow upon me such a precious gift!"

"You

"You would love it too well, if you strove to supersede a mother's rights," said Maria, laughing, and kissing the child, who had climbed Leonard's knee, and was playing with his watch-riband.---"Ah! you little traitor---you do not love me!"

"Yes!" cried Harriet, throwing her arms round her neck, "I do love you; for you are almost as pretty as my mamma---and, see, she gave me this beautiful locket."---Saying this, she drew from her snowy bosom a small locket, which was suspended by a plain gold chain.---"See," cried she, kissing it; "here is nice brown hair---'tis own papa's---and here is L. H. S.;---do look!"

Maria took the locket in her hand, when, raising her eyes to the face of Leonard, his ashy-pale countenance filled her with alarm:—the child, too, observed it; and when, starting up, he leaned against the tree for support, cried---"What ails you, gentleman?—are you sick?—My mamma is often ill, like you."

He stooped down---a big tear fell upon the infant's upraised face;---and, after a momentary pause of emotion, he snatched her to his bosom.——"Who is your mother?---Oh! take me to her!"

I advanced.——"What means all this?-- Somerton!---Maria!" But Maria heard me not---sense, motion, was extinct; and she fell into my arms.

Leonard threw his arms round her.—"Dearest Maria! do not distract me by this silent reproach!---Wretch as I am, forgive me!---Heavenly mercy!---how shall I act!"

Maria revived---a glance of timid apprehension met my eye---I pressed her in my arms---"Be composed, my love! ---this is a distressing discovery: let us return: reflection is necessary on all sides. Somerton, leave us awhile; nor take any step in this business, as you value my esteem, or the happiness of Maria---nay, more, the life of this child's mother."

Leonard started, hid his face with his handkerchief, and abruptly left us.

I led

I led Maria to the cottage: this was the time to work upon her feelings, and excite her to a noble effort. I easily apologized to Mrs. Chumney for the unexpected visitor I had brought with me; but a hectic glow passed across her pale cheek when I announced her to be my niece, which I could easily account for, though but for the recent discovery I might not have observed it. Maria could with difficulty conceal her emotion; yet I judged an explanation just then unnecessary, if not improper; and, as soon as my niece was a little recovered, we returned home, where I found the following note, written with a pencil by Somerton.

"Madam,

"I SEEK to deprecate your resentment not by abject submission, but, with an implicit dependance upon your friendship, put the direction of my future conduct entirely into your hands. Situated as I am, I know not how to act. Weigh well the circumstances; and believe me ready to atone for my juvenile indiscretions, by obeying your directions without a murmur, though the inflexible justice of your decision may destroy all my prospects of happiness for ever.

"LEONARD HENRY SOMERTON."

Oh, Somerton!---that second name caused all the present perplexity; for how could I possibly divine that the Henry who had seduced the unfortunate Harriet was our gay, animated Leonard Somerton? Could I have thought *him* so insensible to the calls of nature and affection?---yet such are the children of dissipation, trained in the school of fashion, and taught to consider the destruction of innocence as a matter of indifference, or unmanly exultation; till the hour of reflection arrives, when the feelings Nature has implanted in the breast of man are awakened, and he looks back on his past errors with self-conviction of guilt and inhumanity.

(To be continued.)

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF A LADY'S LAP-DOG;

In which will be included the History of several Characters, accurately drawn from real Life.

THOUGH I have frequently been informed that it is no uncommon circumstance for persons to assume an artificial consequence from being nobly allied, I shall not avail myself of this privilege, or give any premature proofs either of vanity or pride. Whether I owe my existence to one of King Charles's favourites, or whether my ancestors never ventured to fawn upon the great, will neither add to or diminish my importance, and can be of no consequence to those who are uninterested in my fate.

Though beauty is allowed to excite envy in an illiberal bosom, and may sometimes be considered as the cause of distress, yet, I believe, few would be weak enough to reject the possession because it has sometimes been attended with unfortunate effects. Though I do not mean to value myself upon personal attractions, and know that beauty without merit can never create esteem, yet my adventures had never been presented before the eye of the public, had my body been deformed, or my appearance mean.

At the time of my birth, my mother was in the possession of an emigrant of fashion, who was reduced to the utmost degree of distress, and who, unable to satisfy the demands of an unfeeling innkeeper, offered me as a compensation for an eighteen shilling debt. This surly son of Bacchus, at first hearing the proposal, vowed he would dash me from a bed-room window into the street; and insulted the poverty of my mistress in such a brutal style of language, as to rouse the attention of his more compassionate wife, who, entering the apartment just as he was going to execute his vengeance, kindly interposed, and preserved my life.

"Why, good gracious, John Callous!" exclaimed she, "what be ye doing?" at the same time, snatching me out of his hand---"Why, if you could go for to hurt such a

beautiful little creature, I declare you must have a heart that is harder than flint."

"And, pray," said the cynic, in a voice a little softened, "do you think his beauty will enable me to support the Six Bells?---I am sure, I have reason to regret the day I came to Dover; for you know I have lost a matter of a hundred pounds by the French."

"More's the pity," replied his help-mate: "but its a shocking thing you should give way to your temper. I declare you have frightened the poor lady out of her wits.---Come, Madam," continued she; "pray, don't mind his rudeness: ---the dog shall be mine; so, now, we are quits."

The sound of the landlord's voice had not merely reached the ear of the humane directress of the bar, but had absolutely extended to an apartment situated on the other side of the hall. "What business had you to order what you could not pay for?" convinced the humane Mrs. Clifton that the question was addressed to some person in distress; and, following the benevolent dictates of her nature, she approached the spot from whence the sound had come, and entered Madame Chambeaux's apartment just as Mrs. Callous had closed her speech.

"I ought to apologize, Madam," said she, in a voice of sympathy and tenderness, "for breaking into your apartment with unceremonious ease.---But," continued she, changing her language to that of the stranger's, "I was shocked at hearing you exposed to the insults of such a wretch."

The depressed spirits of the unfortunate Madame Chambeaux rendered her unable to encounter the publican's abuse; and, when Mrs. Clifton entered the room, she was sitting with her arm leaning on the table, and her hand shading the falling tears. The voice of commiseration had so long been a stranger to the ill-fated emigrant's ears, that it seemed to give an electrical force to her feelings, and, in a hurried manner, she arose from her seat.

The

The landlord of the inn, who was in the act of quitting the chamber just as my future patroness appeared, was shocked at having exposed his brutality before a lady whose connexions contributed greatly to the success of his house.

"I am sure, Madam," said he, bowing low to Mrs. Clifton, and twisting the corner of a linen apron round his hands, "nobody can say but that I try to be obliging as well to my poor as to my rich guests:---but, to be sure, when the lady went for to think that there little whelp was a 'quivalent for my bill, to be sure I was a little hottish upon the 'casion; but, I hope, neither she nor your ladyship will owe me any ill will; for my wife, it seems, has taken a sort of fancy to the puppy, and has received it in lieu of my little bill."

"How your wife has acted in this affair," replied Mrs. Clifton, "I cannot take upon myself to declare: but that your conduct has been most disgraceful to humanity, is a truth upon which I can readily decide."

Mrs. Callous, who had really felt some degree of commiseration for the unhappy stranger's unfortunate state, endeavoured to apologize for the violence of her husband's behaviour, by detailing an account of the losses he had sustained. During the whole of the preceding conversation I had been licking the hand that had preserved my life; for, young as I was, I felt a sensation of gratitude from knowing that my existence had been lengthened by the innkeeper's wife.

As soon as my new protectress had retired from my late mistress's apartment, she opened a battery upon her husband, if such a term may be applied to speech, and declared she would rather have given twenty pounds out of her pocket than that Mrs. Clifton should have heard his abuse. Though, like the generality of his sex, he did not choose to acknowledge himself in error, he could not help feeling the justice of his wife's complaints; and when the

waiter informed him that Mrs. Clifton desired to see him, he, with some degree of reluctance, quitted his seat.

Upon entering the apartment, with a most submissive countenance, and a bow that testified profound respect, he was presented with the amount of his bill against Mrs. Chambeaux, and told that he was no longer to consider me as an equivalent for the debt. My beauty had not only interested the landlady in my favour, but had called forth the affection of her only child; so that, when her husband brought a mandate for my restoration, it was with some degree of difficulty that I was resigned.

My mistress received me with marks of affection; and, after caressing me with fondness, presented me to her new friend, saying---" If my little Fidelle could know the debt of gratitude I owe you, I am sure she would not prove undeserving of her name."

It is not necessary for me to repeat what my new benefactress said upon the occasion; I shall, therefore, merely observe, that she received me as a mark of gratitude and respect; and, before I had time to reflect upon the vicissitudes of my fortune, I found myself placed upon a cushion in her carriage, and lying at her feet.

The being separated from a mistress who had always treated me with kindness, was a circumstance which it was natural for me to regret; but this I could have borne, had I not been torn from my mother before I was able to take any nourishment that would prove a substitute for the teat. My new protectress, however, soon reconciled me to my situation; and, by her attention, I had a constant supply of new milk; and though, at first, I had no idea of the proper method of taking in suction, in the course of a few days I was able to lap.

Though my life might be said to pass in an uninterrupted scene of happiness, yet I certainly was never treated as a pet; for, though I have seen many of my companions regaled with the most luxurious parts of an entertainment, I do not recollect being indulged with a single *titbit*. Instead

stead of the liver and wing of a fowl, or the middle slice of a sweetbread, I lived upon the scraps that were left, or the remains of gravy beef; for I have often heard my mistress declare, that she should be shocked at the idea of supporting a dog upon food that her fellow-creatures ought to eat. Though I made several attempts to sleep in her apartment, yet not any of them produced the desired effect; and, as the rest of my species were gratified by this indulgence, I could not help thinking myself treated with unbecoming neglect.

As my understanding increased, my ideas expanded, and I began to see things, in general, in a very different light; and was anxious to meet with an opportunity of testifying my gratitude to the being who so kindly contributed to the comforts of my life.

Instead of repining at not being fed with the luxuries of the table, I began to observe, that delicate viands often produced bad consequences to the health; and I saw many of my cotemporaries labouring under infirmities, whilst I was a total stranger both to lassitude and pain.

My mistress's humanity was of that active quality which induced her to be constantly searching out objects in distress; and I was the sole companion of her benevolent exertions, and the only one who witnessed their extensive effects. She was of an age to enjoy the pleasures of society; and if there was a fault in her character, it was too great a fondness for dress; yet often have I seen her deprive herself of that gratification, and devote the price of the article she wished for to the relief of the distressed.

One evening, when my mistress had been taking her accustomed ramble for the purpose of relieving the woes of the indigent, and administering to the comforts of the diseased, I observed that an ill-looking fellow had followed her footsteps, and appeared to watch a proper opportunity to speak. Whatever might have been his intention, it was fortunately frustrated by her being joined by a gentleman, who accompanied her home; and, as the conversation

seemed to turn upon an interesting subject, I was suffered to frolic about alone.

Though I appeared to be merely frisking about for my own amusement, I was resolved attentively to observe the suspicious stranger's designs; and I soon saw him enter a wash-house, that was adjoining the kitchen, and conceal himself in a corner, behind a range of large tubs. Whilst I was deliberating how I should act, so as to apprise my mistress of her danger, a chariot and four drove into the court-yard; and I saw a gentleman spring out of it, who, with the most lively tenderness, embraced my benefactress, and pressed her to his heart.

I soon discovered that the stranger was her only brother, who had spent the last seven years abroad; and I hailed his return with those symptoms of affection which precluded the possibility of his treating me with neglect.

It was not merely for the purpose of obtaining his caresses, that I fawned and played about his feet: I wanted to make him observe the singularity of my motions, for the purpose of inducing him to follow wherever I might lead. It was in vain, however, that I exerted all my influence; for he was too much occupied by my mistress to attend to the admonitions that I gave; and I was, at length, turned out of the room for interrupting conversation, and sent to the apartment of a favourite maid.

As I was permitted to range through every part of the mansion, I very soon contrived to escape from her care; and, upon running to the spot where the villain was secreted, I had the mortification of discovering that he was not there. Alarmed for the safety of my amiable benefactress, I hastily ran through every room; and soon found, by my scent, that he had concealed himself in a closet, where the house-maid generally kept her brooms. I alternately tried to gain the attention of each of the servants, but without producing the desired effect; and I returned into the parlour, absolutely dispirited at finding that all my warnings were treated with neglect.

As

As bed-time approached, I became so much agitated, that my mistress told her brother she thought my actions singularly strange; and she soon recollected the stranger who had followed her in the morning, and desired her footman to examine every part of the house. The moment I heard this order given, I began jumping upon the servant, and licking his legs; and, upon hearing him desire the coachman to accompany him round the garden, I instantly ran towards the stairs, then pulled his coat, for the purpose of directing him to the very spot where the fellow was concealed.

This action was too striking not to be attended to; and my mistress's brother accompanied the servants up stairs; when I instantly ran to the door of the closet, and set up a kind of howling scream. The moment the fellow heard me, he knew he was detected; he therefore threw open the door, and fell upon his knees, declaring that distress had driven him to this act of desperation, and that his children for two days had not had a morsel of food to eat.—The tears which accompanied this assertion were testimonies which my mistress was ready to believe; and she besought her brother not to think of prosecuting the offender, but allow her to contribute something to his relief.

Though Mr. Lambert's disposition was humane and benevolent, yet he always discriminated between worthy and unworthy objects; and, though he resolved not to punish the depredator if he found him deserving of commiseration, he determined to be convinced of the authenticity of his tale. For this purpose he was delivered into the hands of the servants, who were ordered carefully to watch him during the night; and, as hunger was depictured upon his sallow countenance, he was regaled with a large slice of cold beef.

As soon as the offender was secured, my mistress retired to her apartment; and, instantly throwing herself upon her knees, her devotion seemed heightened by the recent mark of Divine protection which she had so unexpectedly received.

ceived. Upon rising from that posture of grateful humiliation, she took me affectionately into her arms; and, calling me the agent of her Maker's kindness, fondly pressed me to her feeling breast.

The proof which I had given of fidelity and attachment was not only the means of ensuring me my mistress's esteem; for, when she opened the door of her apartment and desired me to go down stairs to my basket, every servant was ready to give me some testimony of regard. The coachman, who had lived many years in the family, and who absolutely venerated his mistress, declared that I should not retire to my basket, but keep him company whilst he watched the slippery knave: even the being whose fraudulent designs I had detected caressed me as the preventer of his iniquitous designs; and requested permission to entertain the guardians of his person with the following interesting history of his life.

(To be continued.)

THE FEMALE MENTOR.

ALTHOUGH marriage is an event that must decide the future happiness, or ensure the misery, of those who enter into the state, yet the solemn engagement is generally formed without reflection, and the want of conjugal felicity attributed to the resistless power of Fate. Parents who are anxious for the establishment of their daughters consider rank and fortune in too attractive a light; and thus peace is sacrificed at the shrine of interest, and the disappointed girl finds herself a neglected wife.

Good-temper, sense, and principle, are absolutely requisite to form a union on which a young woman has any right to depend; for where these are wanting, the fabric of affection will be like the house that soon falls from being erected on the sand.

In

In reply to the letter of my fair correspondent, who signs herself with the initials D. C.,* I would advise her never to enter into an engagement with any man whom she finds it impossible to love or esteem. Her aunt, in all probability, conceives that she is studying her happiness in directing her inclinations in so important a choice; but parental authority cannot extend to restriction, nor can a marriage of force be legally obtained. Prejudice against the gentleman may have led D. C. to imagine he is merely actuated by interested views; but by candidly telling him he can never become an object of her affection, she will be able to judge whether her opinion is right.

Every man has reason to expect a polite attention, although the offer of his hand may be declined; for the very proposal constitutes a compliment, unless fortune is the object that attracted his mind. Though the young lady does not chuse to take a husband of her aunt's selecting, yet I do not see any reason for her withdrawing herself from her care; and, as the time will soon expire for the exertion of her authority, I would not advise her to break through the chain.

The disgrace which Miss Meanwell† has brought herself into, appears no fault in the heart, though it was an error in the head; and I trust it will be a lesson, through her future existence, never to endeavour to obtain her wishes through artificial designs. An ingenuous mode of conduct is at all times praiseworthy, as few things create greater abhorrence than deceit; and the worldly character who obtains his desires by deception, every honest mind must consider in the light of a cheat.

I do not mean to suppose that Miss Meanwell was actuated by such principles, for her little stratagem certainly had no evil design; and I flatter myself, that when her aunt is made acquainted with the motive that influenced her, she will restore her to the place she once occupied in her esteem: I would, therefore, advise her to write to this antiquated relation, and tell her that she has altered her

* See page 92. † Page 94.

her dress in consequence of the story she had read; acknowledge her fault, implore forgiveness, and request permission to visit her again.

To Miss Doubtful* I would say, that we are so much the creatures of habit, that it is very difficult to relinquish former pursuits in life; and though a reformed rake may make a good husband, I think, by making the trial, she has a chance of becoming a miserable wife.

Though a real bashful man must appear to disadvantage in society, it is a phenomenon which I confess myself never to have seen; but a modest diffidence has certainly novelty to recommend it to the notice of the ladies of the present age.

A *dashing carriage*, *dashing liveries*, and even living up to a *dashing style of expence*, if the fortune can support it, may be very delightful; but a *dashing husband*, I should fear, would never become a domestic friend.

SEVERN VALE;

OR, THE HISTORY OF MATILDA MADEN.

[Continued from p. 129.]

AS the unfortunate Mrs. Maden had received the stroke which terminated her existence without any previous warning as to the time, the friend to whom she acknowledged herself under such infinite obligations could not have the satisfaction of closing her eyes; but, as soon as Lady Edwards had perused the affecting narrative, an express messenger was immediately dispatched. A few hours before his arrival, this amiable woman, returning from a visit of benevolence, had slipped down and broke her leg; and, instead of being able to shew her affection to the memory of Mrs. Maden, was forced to submit to the necessity of remaining in bed.

The shock which the death of a beloved friend gave her, increased the fever which had been brought on by the violence of the pain; and the surgeon entertained the most fearful

* Page 35.

fearful apprehensions that he should not be able to preserve her life. As her mind was the seat of virtue and benevolence, she felt no alarming sensations at the approach of death; yet the idea of Matilda being left in an unprotected situation made her anxious to preserve existence for her sake. Though she was an entire stranger to Lady Edwards's person, of her amiable disposition she had frequently heard; and she resolved to solicit her to become the protectress of the lovely Matilda, in case she was denied it by her mother's too inflexible friends.

The moment she had formed this resolution, she wrote to Lady Edwards, imploring her to undertake the charge; and gave such information respecting Matilda's connexions as she thought most likely to secure her application success. She then arranged all her temporal concernments, and bequeathed to the object of her solicitude a legacy of fifteen hundred pounds, which she had kindly saved out of her annual income, and which she knew would descend to a relation of Mr. Dent.

The moment her ladyship received Mrs. Dent's letter, she ordered her carriage to be prepared, and drove directly to her house; but the benevolent design of the visit was defeated; for, a few moments before her arrival, the amiable woman had expired. By this unforeseen and melancholy accident, Matilda lost the most faithful, the most ardent, and attached, of friends; and, had not chance introduced her to the acquaintance of Lady Edwards, nothing could have been more deplorable than her fate: but, with a zeal inspired by compassion and principle, she warmly entered into her affairs; and, though she was journeying into Wales for the purpose of paying a visit to her brother, she found it would be necessary to remain at least a month at Severn Vale.

The first step she adopted was, to write to the grandfather of Matilda; and the following letter was immediately dispatched. Though it certainly was calculated to make an

an impression on his feelings, she scarcely ventured to hope it would produce that effect.

To Christopher C——, Esq.

Sir,

"To be the imparter of intelligence that must be affecting, is an employment which, I assure you, gives me infinite concern; for, however great may have been your resentment against your ill-fated daughter, it certainly must be buried in the tomb.

"Though an accident introduced me to the acquaintance of Mrs. Maden, I am no stranger to the most minute events of her life, which, I grieve to say, has been one scene of suffering from the very moment she became a wife. I do not presume, Sir, to condemn your conduct towards her; yet I must remind you, that in one instance only she deviated from the duty of a child; and, if contrition can make atonement for offences, she has completely expiated the crime.—But the voice of forgiveness, alas! can never soothe her, or the tones of parental fondness sound sweetly in her ear:---yet her child still lives to be blest with your affection, whilst the mother only claims the tribute of a tear!

"Matilda Maden, Sir, is a girl whom every relation might be proud of, and whom I have bound myself most sacredly to protect; yet, as you assured Mrs. Dent you would receive her into your family, I thought it necessary to apprize you of her mother's death. If you can feel towards this lovely girl the affection of a parent, and forget the only error in your unfortunate child, I am ready to consign her to your protection; but she must neither be treated with harshness nor neglect. The endearing tenderness which she received from her lost mother has made such an indelible impression on her mind, that indifference to her would appear like cruelty; for her feelings are as susceptible as her disposition is mild.

Should

"Should Matilda Maden, therefore, be considered, Sir, as an intruder in your family, I do not even ask that she may be received; for I am ready to supply the place of her lost parent, and to share with her the affection I bestow upon my own child.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"ELIZ. EDWARDS."

For several days no answer arrived to this letter; but at length the following unfeeling one was received, which convinced Matilda that she must rely upon the kindness of Lady Edwards, as she was indirectly denied the protection of her friends.

To Lady Edwards.

"Madam,

"I should be extremely sorry to deprive Matilda Maden of the kindness of so humane and benevolent a friend; particularly as she could not be received in my family on the terms which you seem to expect.

"It would be impossible, Madam, for me to forget that she is the offspring of disobedience; or the attention which is due to the children of my second wife, who would think it unjust if her offspring, who promise to be both dutiful and affectionate, should be robbed of any part of my tenderness and esteem.

"When I promised Mrs. Dent to receive Matilda into my family, in case of her imprudent mother's death, I had no children who had a right to claim my affection, nor did I know that my wife would disapprove of my intent; and, as your Ladyship is willing to supply the loss of her parent, I would not injure her so much as to counteract the design: and am, with perfect admiration of your Ladyship's liberal intention,

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

"C—— C——."

All the affection and attention a liberal mind could discover upon the receipt of this letter, Lady Edwards displayed; but Matilda could not help feeling the cruelty of her grandfather, though her heart gratefully acknowledged the kindness of her friend. The next measure her Ladyship adopted was, to write to Mr. Maden, and to inclose a letter to him from his long-neglected child: she then advertised the vale to be let, ready furnished, for seven years, at which period Matilda would become of age.

As soon as the business of disposing of Matilda's house was settled, and her Ladyship found a tenant for it whom she every way approved, she resolved to pursue her intended excursion, and pay the visit of affection which some weeks before she had designed. Though at the commencement of the journey Matilda's spirits were much agitated, yet the depression lessened by degrees; and the improving conversation of her intelligent companion at once amused and informed her mind. The plan which her Ladyship adopted was, to travel very early in the morning, and stop during the intense heat of the day; for to a mind capable of admiring the beauties of Nature, they never appear to such advantage as when bespangled with the dew; and she would frequently repeat the following lines from her favourite poet, in a kind of enthusiastic strain:

But who the melodies of morn can tell!---
The wild brook babbling down the mountain's side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd, dim, descry'd
In the lone valley, echoing far and wide;
The clam'rous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide;
The hum of bees, and linnets' lay of love,
And the full choir, that wakes the universal grove!

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks a-field; and, hark!
Down the rough slope the pond'rous waggon rings;

Through

Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs;
Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bow'r,
And shrill the lark carols from her aërial tour.

BEATTIE'S MINSTREL.

Though her Ladyship pointed out to her young companions the beauties of inanimate Nature, which the country through which they travelled so strikingly displayed, yet she endeavoured to give them a knowledge of the manners of the inhabitants, by conversing with the natives in every place she came to. Though she was not able to speak the language with any kind of fluency, yet she had acquired a knowledge of it from a young woman who had lived with her father when she was a child; and it was so new a thing to find a lady capable of conversing with them in the Celtic dialect, that it was astonishing what attentions they received. Openness and candour are prominent features in the Welch character; and their hospitality must be witnessed to be properly conceived. Though naturally superstitious, they are enthusiastic in their devotions; and they continue the antient practice of ornamenting the graves of their friends.

One evening, as the party had travelled about five miles from Rhaiddar-Gowy, where they had refreshed themselves during the heat of the day, they were prevented from prosecuting their intended journey by the axletree of the carriage giving way. Her Ladyship and her companions immediately descended; and the servants contrived to remedy the accident so as to enable them to take it back to the inn: but, just as the party had engaged to follow it, an intelligent-looking Welchman offered to conduct them a nearer way to the town; telling her Ladyship that his cottage was in the path to Rhaiddar-Gowy, where she might take some refreshment that would enable her to pursue her walk.

There was something so peculiarly interesting in his countenance, that her Ladyship resolved to accept him for her guide; and, attended by a servant who had long lived in her family, they followed the path which he described. When they arrived at his cottage, he invited them to enter and partake of his humble though hospitable fare; promising to entertain them with an account of the vicissitudes which he had experienced in the course of his life.

The appearance of his habitation gave her reason to imagine there would be something extraordinary and entertaining in the history * of his life; for it contained such a number of heterogeneous articles, as convinced her he possessed a most eccentric mind. In one place she observed books upon divinity; in another, culinary utensils and apothecarys' drugs; in another she perceived weapons of destruction, near which the English classics were arranged.

After having spread the table with such refreshments as his lowly situation enabled him to produce, he informed his auditors that his name was Lewis, and that his family was one of the best in Wales. Inclination, he observed, led him to follow a profession; but his friends thought greater advantage was to be derived from a trade: in consequence of which he was bound apprentice to a tanner, and he had every reason to imagine he should have the good fortune to succeed. A young lady of superior family happened to fall in love with him; and he contrived to elude the vigilance of her friends, who resolved never to forgive the degradation she had brought upon them by marrying a man in trade. He then recounted to her Ladyship the many hair-breadth escapes he had encountered from many of his wife's relations' having laid wait for him in ambuscade. All their evil designs, however, were providentially defeated; for, though his person was often

* The history of Mr. Lewis, with a very trifling alteration, is to be found in Mr. Warner's Excursion through Wales.

injured,

injured, his courage never failed. At length they changed their mode of persecution; and, by false insinuations, injured him in his trade.

"All this, Madam," said he, "I could have borne with patience, had the effects of their vengeance there been at an end; but, alas! they wounded my tenderest feelings; for my beloved Letty died of a broken heart. I confess I had much difficulty in bearing up against this misfortune; but I had four children who depended upon me for bread; and I recollected that the partner of my affection was much happier than I could have made her, and that my endeavours to support my family ought to increase with my distress. I therefore arranged my affairs, got into a smaller line of business, brought up my children, and sent them into the world; having done this, and laid by a little for misfortune, I left the busy haunts of men, and bought this peaceable abode, where I experience as much felicity as I can hope for on this side the grave. My children, I bless God, have all turned out happily, are decently provided for, and my health is sound: my wants are few, my mind is contented, and I do not envy the man who has twenty thousand pounds." So saying, he took up a book of Percy's Antient English Poetry, and, with great spirit, read the following verse:

How vain the ardour of the croud!
How low, how indigent, the proud!
How little are the great!
My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss
That God or Nature hath assign'd:
Though much I want what most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Her Ladyship would have been happy to have heard the conclusion of the ballad, had not she observed that the evening rapidly drew in; when, after expressing her

acknowledgments to her entertaining companion, she arose from her seat, and wished him a good night. He insisted, however, upon conducting them to the entrance of Rhaiddar-Gowy, when he shook Lady Edwards cordially by the hand, saying, "Well, God bless you, Madam! and may your journey through life be as pleasant as, I trust, your tour through Wales will prove; but, should storms and difficulties await you, remember that a clear conscience, an independent spirit, and a reliance on Providence, will enable you to brave them all."

Nothing material occurred during the remainder of the journey; and, at the end of ten days, Lady Edwards arrived at her brother's house, which she found so completely occupied by a variety of unexpected visitors, that she began to entertain apprehensions that she might not find room: a few alterations, however, in point of sleeping, and having a couple of beds placed in the same room, soon removed this apparent difficulty, and prevented her from fancying that her visit was ill-timed.

As the gentlemen were out on horseback when her Ladyship arrived at her brother's, she did not see any of the party until dinner-time; when Mr. Dorset, which was the name of her brother, introduced them separately to her acquaintance. Though the ceremonial of an introduction cannot possibly elucidate a character, yet we are frequently prejudiced in favour of a mere address; and this was the present case with her Ladyship, who was particularly struck with the manners of a gentleman who was presented to her under the title of Viscount Trent. Though his face could not absolutely be termed handsome, it displayed an enlightened and susceptible mind; and the tones of his voice seemed peculiarly adapted to enforce the arguments he chose to express. Though they had merely conversed on the picturesque beauties of the country, yet even upon that subject his language had impressed an interest; but, whilst he was enquiring by what means her Ladyship had travelled, Miss Edwards and Matilda entered the room.

The

The moment his Lordship beheld them enter, his countenance was suffused with crimson, and in an instant became completely pale; and, fixing an anxious eye upon Matilda, he seemed eagerly to enquire from whence she came.

(To be continued.)

To the Editor.

SIR,

I HAVE frequently heard it strongly asserted, that the advantages of high birth are not merely attached to the state; but that those who are born in that fortunate situation naturally possess an elevated mind. Now, Sir, as I am not inclined to imagine that Nature and Fortune have entered into any kind of contracting league, I beg leave to ask, why magnanimity of sentiment should merely be confined to the bosoms of the great? If the supporters of arms could become the sustainers of great actions, I might then, perhaps, become an adherent to this creed; but, when I know that a coronet is often disgraced by the pusillanimity of its possessor, I think the mind of a peasant is capable of as much magnanimity as if he was born in the most elevated state.

I not only entertain this opinion, Sir, from my own observation upon the human character, but from reflecting upon the different instances of real greatness that I have read, where the blood had never flowed in the channel of nobility, nor had education ever attempted to purify the stream. Instances might be brought to prove, that magnanimity and generosity frequently take up their abode in the most humble cells; but one will be sufficient to establish the justice of my opinion, which I met with in an author on whom I can depend.

"A great inundation having happened in the north of Italy, in consequence of an immense fall of snow, the river Adige was so much increased by the accumulation of water, that

that it entirely overflowed its sides; and the two end arches of a bridge near Verona were entirely washed away by the force of the tide.

"In the centre of the bridge stood a small cottage, in which the toll-gatherer and his family used to reside; and, though the situation of these unfortunate creatures may be imagined, it is absolutely impossible that it can be described. Though the banks of the river were crowded with spectators, none had sufficient courage to offer them relief; for the tide rushed on with such unexampled violence, that it was supposed a boat would be immediately swallowed up by the waves.

"A nobleman of distinction, being made acquainted with the circumstance, hastened to the spot, with the humane hope of relieving their distress; and offered the reward of one hundred sequins to any person who had sufficient courage to put out a boat. Though the reward was a stimulus to their benevolent exertions, no one had fortitude to encounter the fury of the waves; and the poor wretches had even ceased to implore assistance, when an unexpected deliverer fortunately came.

"A peasant, who had not heard of their calamitous situation, accidentally passed the river's side; and, the moment he beheld the peril which surrounded them, he resolved to brave the fury of the tide. He soon unmoored the nearest vessel, and committed himself to the power of the rising waves; resolved to preserve the life of his suffering fellow-creatures, who every moment expected to find a watery grave. Every eye gazed upon him with anxious apprehension, and every heart palpitated with the sense of fear, when, amidst the shouts of the delighted multitude, he landed the trembling sufferers upon the opposite shore.

"Brave fellow!" exclaimed the nobleman, "receive the reward thy courage so well deserves:---accept this purse; and may it afford pleasure and comfort to thy feeling heart."

"It

"It shall never be said," replied the peasant, "that I exposed my life for *pay*: my labour is sufficient to support my wife and children; but give it to this unfortunate family, who are now reduced to the greatest distress."

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

An Advocate for Plebeian Worth.

BIRTHDAY FASHIONS.

To the Editor.

SIR,

I WAS in company with a large party of old and young of both sexes, on Tuesday last, where the account of the Birthday fashions and new carriages, as given in the newspapers, furnished a topic of conversation. The young ladies were descanting very learnedly and fluently upon the superior novelty and richness of Lady B——y's dress; when an elderly gentleman, remarkable for nothing so much as an old-fashioned stiffness and pedantry in all his notions, took up the matter very short, and enquired of a lady who sat near him---"Where, after all, was the *use*, or the real *dignity*, of these frivolous distinctions of external show, unknown to the best ages of antiquity?"

Perceiving one of the company to smile, the old gentleman went on to remark——"How oddly it would sound, if we should read in some contemporary journal of the Roman History, that 'Yesterday, being the anniversary of the building of the city, Cornelia (the famous mother of the Gracchi) appeared at court, and presented her sons to the consuls:---she looked remarkably handsome, and was dressed in a body and train of yellow satin, trimmed with black and silver, vandykes and lace; petticoat yellow satin, spotted with silver; loose drapery of the same, and silver vandykes; head-dress a tier of diamonds on purple velvet,

velvet, and a beautiful bird of Paradise feather, fastened with a diamond star!'

The whole company could no longer resist, but downright fell a laughing at the oddity of the old gentleman's illustration. He, no ways discouraged, as a man that loved to hear himself talk, went on——" Or if we should read in an old *Roman newspaper*---' Advices from Africa state, that, as soon as the event of the battle at Pharsalia was known, Cato convened a full senate at Utica; Marcus Torranus sported a new and very elegant town chariot on the occasion, hung on Polignac springs, and long braces, painted a beautiful garter blue, and ornamented with plated mouldings, &c.; morocco squabs all round the inside, spring curtains, compass perch carriage to correspond; the whole very neat, and highly varnished and polished; executed under the direction of the *Hatchetti*, in the *Jugerum Longum!*'----" The models of antique virtue," he ended with saying, " would have disdained to divide their hard-earned glory with tailors, sempstresses, and harness-fanciers."

The company beginning to look grave (as no doubt tired with this unseasonable display of learning), a merry wag took up the subject, and insisted upon it, that there was great reason and emblematical meaning couched under a Birthday dress; that every part of it contained elegant allusions to the virtues and excellencies of the female character. According to his system, a rich buff satin petticoat, trimmed with gold at the bottom, indicates constancy to the last; a white crape petticoat is purity; body and train of the same denote an unchanging mind; snail trimmings teach the slow advances which it becomes a lady to indulge in her lover; gold foil in zigzag stripes typifies that amiable capriciousness which is so becoming in some of the sex, as stripes of leopard velvet allude to those agreeable blemishes in their conduct, which are not so much spots as beauties; feathers signify a light heart, and cornucopias a merry one; Vandyke laurels and wreaths suppose a taste for

for painting and the fine arts, which no accomplished lady can be without: lastly, birds of Paradise plumes obviously point to the divine attractions of ladies; while a profusion of jewels and diamonds calls the attention of prudent admirers still more forcibly to the earthly attractions of their mistresses.

In this manner, Mr. Editor, he was pleased to turn all the component parts of a Birthday dress into shadows and allegories. I, for my part, have always considered the gorgeous show and finery which custom has prescribed upon that day, as a mannerly, loyal, and proper tribute to the best of Sovereigns. Ceremony is but a small thing at best; but, if the usages of nations have constituted *that* as a poor payment for the cares and fatigues of royalty, let it cheerfully and good-humouredly be paid.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

Jan. 26. A Lover of Ceremony.

FROM THE YOUNG LADIES OF LIVERPOOL TO THE BODY CORPORATE OF THAT TOWN.

Venerable Sirs,

EXCUSE us for addressing you in this manner, as your long neglect inclines us to believe that there are no young members of your body. For years almost incalculable (and fatal to many of us who have lost the bloom of youth) have we been promised an Assembly Room; but promises (usually sacred to us) have been broken, and we have been consigned to a room little better than a barn for the only recreation congenial to our sex; while we have the mortification to see thousands and tens of thousands of pounds laid out in buildings to indulge the other sex in putting on their spectacles and studying politics.

Another grievance of an equally serious nature, is, that, when we gratify ourselves in the rational amusement of dancing

dancing at private balls, we cannot get coaches; and are obliged in tempestuous nights, with our fashionable attire (you know we must follow fashion), to trudge the streets, spoil our drapery, and be *very soon* wet to the skin. Deign, Venerable Sirs, to let us have hackney coaches, or abolish them altogether; we can then, as our fathers have told us was the case in their days, put on our scarlet cardinals, pattens, and bonnets, and walk without being dependent on coachmen wanting regulation.

Trusting that you are interested in our *pleasures*, and shudder for our *distress* in our *cold walks*, I subscribe myself, in behalf of a numerous race,

Your's,
A LANCASHIRE WITCH.

A CHRISTMAS GAMBOL.

A GENTLEMAN of fortune in —— Square gave his domestics permission to amuse themselves in the evening, and to invite such of their acquaintance as they thought proper. On consultation, the servants agreed (one of them having a relation in the neighbourhood who kept a masquerade ware-room) to practise *High Life below Stairs*, by appearing in masks. Their master, hearing of their intention, privately determined to make one in the frolic, as his wife was to spend the evening out; and the lady, from some vagary or other, shortly after she had been on her visit, took her leave, went to a masquerade-room, dressed as a Witch, called a hackney coach, drove home, and mixed with the company. From his voice, and other circumstances, she quickly discovered her husband.

"Well, Madame Witch," cried he; "what news from the air?"

"I'll tell you," returned she in a whisper:——"I'm just flown from —— Square with the news---that a certain married

married lady, on a visit to the Countess of ——, is this instant eloped."

Off flew the husband like an arrow from a bow:—no tidings of his lady in —— Square. He returned home in great embarrassment, and desired the mask in the character of a Witch to step into an adjoining room. She attended.

"Witch or no Witch," exclaimed he, "tell me, this instant, where's my wife!"

"Here, my love!" taking off her mask.——He flew into her arms.

May all Christmas Gambols prove equally happy and innocent!

USEFUL INFORMATION RESPECTING RATS,

Including various Methods of driving them from Houses, or destroying them.

[From "The Domestic Encyclopædia."]

THE rat is a genus of quadrupeds, comprising 60 species, of which the following are the principal:

1. The *decumanus*, brown or water rat, which is a native of the East Indies; whence it has, within the last century, been introduced into Europe by the ships returning from that country. The head and body are about nine inches in length, the upper parts being of a light brown cast, intermixed with a tawny or ash-colour; its naked scaly tail consists of 200 rings, and measures from seven to eight inches in length.

Water-rats inhabit holes which they burrow near the banks of rivers and pools, and which are provided with two apertures; one being above ground among the grass, while the other is concealed beneath the surface of the water. As they will forsake the situation, if they cannot hide their upper avenue among weeds, &c., Dr. Darwin is of opinion, that they may be driven away by keeping the rim or margin round fish-ponds so low, as to rise only two, three, or

at most four inches above the level of the water; and also by eradicating high grass and weeds. These animals, however, infest drains, aqueducts, stables, barns, gardens, and houses, as well as rivers; they swim and dive very dexterously; commit great depredations on vegetables, grain, fruits, and even poultry; nay, they sometimes attack and eat living pigs. Considerable stores of acorns, beechmast, and other articles, are often found in their holes, as a provision for the winter, during which the males live by themselves, while the females and young rats subsist in barns, out-houses, and similar buildings.

Being uncommonly prolific, the water-rat produces from 12 to 19 young at a litter; and, when unable to procure food from a particular spot, they migrate, in large companies, to towns and villages, where they disperse themselves in different dwellings, and devour the common or house-rat. These creatures are so fierce and intrepid, that they will even resist and bite their pursuers; inflicting dangerous wounds, which are attended with great inflammation, and not easily healed.

2. The *rattus*, black or common rat, is a native of Europe and Asia, whence it has been conveyed in ships to Africa and America. Its head and body are seven inches long: the back is of a deep blackish-gray; and the lower parts of an ash-colour; the tail is very thin and scaly, consisting of 250 rings, and measuring 8 inches in length. These animals have, since the introduction of the water-rat, considerably decreased in some parts of Europe, and in a few places have been entirely exterminated; but they still abound in Britain, where they continue to multiply, though different expedients are constantly employed for their extermination. The female is furnished with ten teats, and brings forth, several times in the year, from five to six at a litter.

The common rat inhabits barns, granaries, and houses; in the latter of which it forms nests between the floors and ceilings, as well as in the vacant spaces between the wainscot

wainscot and wall. From these recesses they sally forth in search of food, devouring meat, paper, corn, clothes, poultry, game; and even gnawing the extremities of infants while asleep: instances have occurred, where these vermin have increased to such an alarming degree, that the inhabitants have been compelled to abandon their houses.

On account of the extensive damage occasioned by both these predatory species, various methods of extirpating them are practised with greater or less success. Dogs, cats, ferrets, and weazels, are their natural enemies; and, though such useful animals destroy great numbers, yet the killing or taking of rats furnishes employment to many skilful men, who pursue different ways of catching them; and who are known under the name of *Ratcatchers*.

Rats are often caught in traps baited with burnt leather, or toasted cheese; but a more efficacious method of destroying them consists in mixing a quart of oatmeal with six drops of oil of rhodium, one grain of musk, and two or three fruits of the *nux vomica*, finely pulverised; and forming the whole into *pellets*, which must be placed near their holes. This recipe was first published in the Letters of the Bath Society, where it is observed, that the rats ate eagerly at first, and that great numbers were killed; but, after a short time, they declined to devour it. Hence a more alluring substitute was recommended, namely, three parts of oatmeal, and one of staves-acre, made into a paste with honey, which should be divided into small pieces, and laid at the entrance of their avenues.

Another composition has been made of wheaten flour, sugar, and water, kneaded into a paste, and scented with a few drops of oil of caraway-seeds; small portions are to be exposed at stated times near their holes, till the animals, lulled into security, collect in considerable numbers. It will then be advisable to incorporate a sufficient quantity of arsenic, finely levigated, with the paste, and thus to render it a fatal poison for mice and rats.

Towards the close of the year 1800, Mr. Cundell obtained a patent for a new compound invented by him, with

a view to destroy rats.—He directs eight ounces of calomel to be mixed with fourteen ounces of dried and pulverised *solanum* (night-shade); fifty-six pounds of oatmeal; six pounds of molasses, and a sufficient quantity of oil of rhodium to communicate a fragrant smell; the whole is to be formed into a mass with sweet oil.

Besides these remedies, there are many other contrivances for exterminating rats; and, as the subject is of considerable importance to every house-keeper, we shall subjoin an account of several other means, which have been found remarkably successful.

Mr. Charles Taylor, Secretary to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c., directs one or two table-spoonfuls of dry oatmeal to be uniformly, but thinly, spread on a tile or plate, in order that the quantity taken away may be more easily ascertained. The rats, if not interrupted, will regularly feed there; and they must be supplied for two or three successive days with fresh meal; when three drops of oil of aniseed are to be mixed with a double portion of oatmeal, and the composition deposited at the usual place, for a similar period of time. On the fourth day, one half only of the usual quantity must be given of the scented preparation; and on the succeeding night the following mixture must be placed at the hole.—Let four ounces of dry oatmeal, perfumed with six drops of the oil of aniseed, be thoroughly incorporated with half an ounce of carbonated barytes (aerated heavy spar of Derbyshire), which has been previously pulverised, and sifted through fine cambric or muslin. This compound must be spread on the tile or slate, and exposed as usual; all the doors, or other communications, being shut for the space of 24 hours, that the vermin may eat it undisturbed by any cats, dogs, or other animals; and also to prevent the possibility of any accident happening to the latter. In the course of a few hours after the rats have eaten the composition, they will be seen frequently to reel about, as if they were intoxicated, or paralytic; though, at length, they return to

to their haunts, and perish. Mr. Taylor observes, that, as they are very cunning, the mixture ought to be left for 48 hours, in case a small portion only be eaten; after which time the remainder should be burnt.

Mr. Funke, in his valuable Natural History, calculated for German schools, communicates the following curious method of expelling, or rather dispersing, rats from dwelling-houses:—Take one or more of these predatory creatures, caught in a trap, and immerse them to the neck in a mixture consisting of equal quantities of tar and train oil: thus anointed, set the animals at liberty. The offensive smell of this preparation compels them to traverse all the holes of their companions with the most distressing anxiety; in consequence of which they collectively disappear. Another expedient, practised in Germany, is, that of confining a live rat in a cage, and feeding it exclusively with living mice or rats. Having been for some time accustomed to such food, the captive animal is, after a short fasting, suffered to return to its former habitation, where it is said to persecute, and indiscriminately devour, its own species.

M. Gaschitz, one of the most esteemed German writers on economy, states the following to be an effectual remedy for destroying not only *moles* and *mice*, but also *rats* infesting orchards, and injuring the roots of fruit-trees:—Boil a number of fresh walnuts, divested of their external green rhind, for an hour and a half in water, to which a large handful of hemlock leaves has previously been added. As all these vermin are extremely fond of such nuts, place one of the latter, thus prepared, within the cavity of every mole-hill. Those which partake of this envenomed fruit must inevitably perish. The same author advises gardeners to plant a single clove of garlic near every tree; in consequence of which simple practice, neither mice nor rats will approach it. He observes, that the strong odour of this bulbous root is probably offensive to their organs of breathing; and, whatever be the cause, he pledges himself for the success of the experiment.

In Sweden, the green branches of the Bird-Cherry (*Prunus Padus*, L.) are successfully employed for the dispersion of *rats*, *moles*, and *bugs*, when placed in the corners of granaries, stables, dwelling-houses, and mole-hills; but it will be necessary to replace the dry sprigs, once a week, or fortnight, with fresh branches.

Among other remedies, we recommend that commonly employed on the continent, where a sponge is fried with salt-butter in a pan, then compressed between two plates, and cut into small pieces, which are scattered about the holes frequented by rats and mice. This preparation is devoured with avidity; it excites thirst in the animals, which should be gratified, by exposing shallow vessels containing water. On drinking this fluid, after having swallowed the burnt spunge, it distends their stomach, and proves a fatal repast.

M. *v. d.* Horst, a landed proprietor in Germany, has lately announced, in one of the public journals, that a peacock, kept in a poultry-yard, or about the premises of a dwelling-house infested with rats and mice, is an excellent scarecrow against such free-booters: nay, he remarks, that even a cock of an early spring brood has so shrill and penetrating a voice, as to answer the same purpose. With regard to the former bird, he appeals to his own experience, which has furnished him with satisfactory proofs of success.

Lastly, as most of the methods before suggested are either troublesome and precarious, or only partial means of exterminating the object of our research, we shall conclude with a more general and summary process of entrapping rats, so as to deliver not only our own habitations but those of our neighbours from the excursions of such mischievous quadrupeds. For the discovery of the following *complete* remedy, we are indebted to G. W. Müller, an ingenious apothecary of Wernigerode, in Germany: he candidly acknowledges to have derived the first hint for such purpose many years since, from a book written by a cele-

a celebrated economist; in short, it will be found the most expeditious and effectual mode that can be pursued.—A capacious cask of moderate height must previously be procured, and put into the vicinity of places infested with rats. During the first week, this vessel is employed only to allure the rats to visit the top of the cask, by means of boards or planks arranged in a sloping direction to the floor, which are every day strewed with oatmeal, or any other food equally grateful to their palate; and the principal part of which is exposed on the surface. After having thus been lulled into security, and accustomed to find a regular supply for their meals, a skin of parchment is substituted for the wooden top of the cask, and the former is cut, for several inches, with transverse incisions through the centre, so as to yield on the smallest pressure. At the same time, a few gallons of water, to the depth of five or six inches, are poured into the empty cask. In the middle of this element a brick or stone is placed, so as to project one or two inches above the fluid; and that one rat may find on the former a place of refuge. These preparatory measures being taken, the boards, as well as the top of the cask, should now be furnished with proper bait, in order to induce them to repeat their visits. No sooner does one of these marauders plunge through the section of the parchment into the vessel, than it retreats to the brick or stone, and commences its lamentations for relief. Nor are its whining notes in vain: others soon follow, and share the same fate; when a dreadful conflict begins among them, to decide the possession of the dry asylum. Battles follow in rapid succession, attended with such loud and noisy shrieks, that all the rats in the neighbourhood hasten to the fatal spot, where they experience similar disasters. Thus hundreds may be caught by a stratagem, which might be facilitated by exposing a living rat taken in a trap, or purchased by a professional rat-catcher.—Nay, if it be true that a whole inhabited island on the western coast of Scotland be infested with these destructive vermin, we are

of

of opinion that they could thus be easily exterminated; and that the carcasses of such animals as have hitherto been considered as useless, might be advantageously employed for the purpose of manuring the barren soil of those inhospitable regions.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE.

Jan. 25 *and Feb.* 1. MR. and Mrs. POPE (from Covent Garden Theatre) made their first appearances respectively, the former as *Othello*, the latter as *Juliet*, and were extremely well received.

COVENT GARDEN.

Feb. 9. Was presented, for the first time, a new Comic Opera, called "THE CABINET;" of which the principal characters were thus represented:

Curvoso, Mr. Emery; Lorenzo, Mr. Incledon; Orlando, Mr. Braham; Whimsiculo, Mr. Fawcett; Marquis de Grand Chateau, Mr. Blanchard; Manikin; Mr. Simmons; Peter, Mr. Munden.—Constantia, Mrs. H. Johnston; Floretta, Signora Storace; Crudelia, Mrs. Dibdin; Curiosa, Mrs. Mattocks; Leonora, Mrs. Atkins; Doralice, Mrs. Powel; Biancha, Mrs. Davenport.

Curvoso, a rich but avaricious Italian Count, has promised his daughter to Orlando, the independent Prince of the adjoining territory; but, upon the unexpected success of Orlando's enemies, who suddenly despoil him of his lands, Curvoso revokes his consent, and accepts the offer of an old French Marquis, whose well-filled coffers are sufficient to render him amiable in the eyes of the old Count, but not in those of his daughter, who, after respectfully expostulating with her father on his former promises to Orlando, rejects the Marquis with disdain. Whimsiculo, a confidential servant of Orlando's, is detected in an attempt to convey a letter to Constantia; and her father, glad of a pretext to break with Orlando entirely, orders all the presents and trinkets his daughter had received from the young Prince to be instantly returned. Among them is a splendid cabinet,

cabinet, containing a beautiful artificial bird, which sings upon the pressure of a secret spring. In this cabinet Constantia conceals herself, to avoid the presence of the Marquis; when her father, angry at not finding her, and that the presents still remained in her apartment, orders them all to be instantly removed; and, seconded by the entreaties of the Marquis, he thus unknowingly sends away his daughter to the very man he wished her to avoid. The palace of Curvoso is described to be a very short distance from that of Orlando, to which, accompanied by her faithful attendant Floretta, Constantia is conveyed. Orlando, who mourns the return of his seemingly-rejected presents, is doubly impressed with joy when he beholds the object of his affection, who accompanies them. He determines to solicit Curvoso once more, in hopes that the escape of Constantia will alter her father's determination; and to back his suit with the pleasing intelligence that he has repulsed his enemies, and regained his territories. In the mean time, that the reputation of Constantia may not run the risk of censure, she remains secluded in an apartment of the palace, accessible only to her attendant, Floretta, who is to make the bird in the cabinet sing, as a signal of her approach; and Orlando is to announce his return by a token nearly similar. This arrangement is overheard by Curiosa, the waiting-maid of Crudelia, who is enamoured of Orlando, and who, finding herself rejected, displays all the vindictive rancour of Italian jealousy. By the above-mentioned information of her servant she is led to examine the cabinet, searches for the secret spring that is to animate the bird, and, by giving the signal of Floretta's supposed approach, succeeds in getting Constantia in her power, whom she commits to the custody of four bravoes, who are ordered to imprison her in an apartment of the palace (which overlooks a lake), till she can be sent back with disgrace to her father, or effectually concealed from the pursuit of Orlando. Doralice, the step-mother of the Prince, assists the cause of Crudelia; but, at the same time, tempers the resentment of the latter so far as to preserve Constantia from any farther personal violence than that of confinement. Orlando perfectly succeeds with Curvoso in procuring the dismissal of the Marquis. The old Count also consents to strengthen the alliance by giving his son Lorenzo to Leonora, the sister of Orlando, to whose palace they joyfully repair; and Orlando, leading them to the apartment where he had left Constantia, triumphantly gives the signal of his return, but is distracted at finding the apartment empty. Some one is then heard to breathe in the cabinet, which revives Orlando, who, supposing that Constantia may have been induced to seek further concealment in it, breaks it open, and is again disappointed at discovering Floretta, who, in whimsical terror, informs him that she had taken refuge there to avoid the fury of the ladies, who had carried off her mistress. During this, Constantia, in endeavouring to escape from the window of her prison, falls into the lake which flows beneath; but is saved, and conveyed to a fisherman's hut on a small island, by Peter, an old servant of her father's, who had been unjustly discharged by him, and is thus avenged

by

by preserving the daughter of a man whose own life he had formerly saved, and had followed him from England, his native home. Constantia sends Peter with a letter to the Abbess of a neighbouring convent, to request shelter till she can make peace with her father, justly considering the misfortunes that have befallen her elopement as a punishment for breach of duty.—The Abbess sends the letter to Crudelia, who, finding Orlando's passion for Crudelia unalterable, and partly repenting of her jealousy, generously renounces her own wishes, and informs Orlando where to find his mistress. Her father, lover, and relation, repair in their gondolas to the island on the lake. Constantia, fearful of Crudelia's emissaries, has taken the disguise of a reputed witch, who is supposed to be dumb; and, before she discovers herself to her friends, informs them (through the fisherman's widow, who explains her signs) of several incidents in their own lives, which makes them give credit to her supernatural pretensions, and insist upon her producing Constantia upon pain of death. She then throws off her disguise, explains her obligations to Peter and Biancha, and the piece concludes with general reconciliation. The subordinate incidents of the Opera result from the courtship of Whimsiculo and Floretta, and the jealousy of Curiosa, who loves Whimsiculo, and apes her mistress Crudelia in her prosecution of her rival. The character of Peter is also a very prominent feature of the piece; and appears drawn with a view to pourtray the genuine honesty, bravery, and feeling of a British seaman.

We cannot compliment the author (Mr. T. Dibdin) on much originality in plot, incident, or character. The expedient of *The Cabinet*, which is one of the essential principles of the Opera, is similar to what has been employed in several other pieces, and nearly for the same purpose. In the dialogue there are some liberal, moral, and patriotic sentiments, and some sallies of humour, but nothing very pointed. If, however, the business does not excite a strong interest, it does not in any part give offence; and the Music is of a description to captivate any audience, without additional ornament. Five composers, Messrs. Reeve, Moorehead, Davy, Corri, and Braham, have united their talents in this department; and hence it possesses a variety of character not to be expected in the work of a single author, however excellent. In the execution of the airs, of which there were very few indeed that were not encored, Mr. Incledon, Mr. Braham, and Signora Storace, bore the principal part. Those by Mr. Braham are his own composition, and are admirably adapted to his

his powers and style of singing. They were given with exquisite taste, sweetness, and delicacy, though sometimes he was rather too *chromatic* for the galleries, which were illiberally outrageous when he was encored. Indeed, it seemed evident that Braham had enemies in the theatre. The fact is, that those who prefer to art the fascinating strains of English simplicity, will prefer Incledon; those who admire the most extraordinary efforts of the Italian school, in which very difficult passages are executed to the surprise of the audience, will be unbounded in their plaudits of Braham. Storace entered into the true spirit of her part, and accompanied the pleasantries of Fawcett in a very happy manner. Munden, Mrs. Mattocks, Mrs. Atkins, and Mrs. H. Johnston, were very successful in the parts allotted to them. The House was uncommonly crowded; and the piece was announced for repetition amidst the loudest applause.

EGYPTIANA, LYCEUM, STRAND.

We formerly noticed * the preparation of a public amusement at the Lyceum, but did not then feel at liberty to divulge the subject. It has now been opened to the public under the title of "EGYPTIANA." The hopes we had formed were very sanguine; yet we feel no hesitation in saying, that the execution does not fall short of our expectations. The various matters which form the subjects of this divertisement are in general Egyptian. The front scene is a map of lower Egypt, which displays, on an extensive scale, the very astonishing ramifications of that wonderful river, the Nile. On this being rolled up, a continual series of scenes are exhibited, copying the very face and manners of the country; as the hieroglyphic painting of Isis and Osiris; the Pyramids; camel; desolate tracts of Africa; display of the national character; views on the Nile; the harbour of Alexandria; Pompey's pillar; the great square at Cairo, &c. &c.; accompanied by descriptive readings, which, while the paintings amuse the fancy, inform the understanding; and, for the sake of variety, a few comic and serio-comic subjects are introduced; among which Milton's L'Allegro will be deemed no small acquisition, when we consider that it is recited while a series of shifting scenery co-operates to bring home to the senses a lively idea of the poet's fertile imagination. Such an undertaking must in private hands be considerable; but the pro-

* Vol. VII. p. 204.

prietor

prietor seems to have been fully sensible of the *naivête* of public taste, in forming an evening's entertainment at once adapted to the virtuoso, the statesman, and the warrior. The virtuoso will resume his visits on account of the paintings; some of which would not discredit the first artists in Europe. The statesman, zealous for the commercial and political interests of this country, will view with pleasure the fields where our gallant forces fought and conquered, and arrange his ideas respecting the future importance of Egypt; while the warrior retraces in delightful retrospect the plains where the basis of his present glory was laid*: nor should we wonder, if the affectionate widow of a fond husband, or the tender mother of a beloved youth, who shed his blood in Egypt, should repair to The Egyptiana," and say, "Before Alexandria I lost my husband"—"At Aboukir I lost my child!" Indeed, the attractions to view this novel and interesting performance must be very great; for there are few who are not in some measure interested in a knowledge of such scenes as The Egyptiana presents to the imagination.

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

1. A head-dress of orange velvet, with steel trimmings, and the Cornwallis plume:—an ostrich and a peacock's feather. A dress of white muslin, and handkerchief fastened with a large gold chain. Shoes orange velvet, and steel trimmings.

2. A head-dress of white satin, with ostrich feather. The dress white muslin, with girdle and braces on the arms of white satin. Shoes the same.

3. A head-dress of yellow and white persian; the stone in front jasper, with a necklace to correspond. The dress yellow persian, trimmed with yellow ribands.

4. A hat of purple velvet, lined and trimmed with purple feathers.

5. A french dress. A veil of white muslin, spotted and fringed with gold, over a dress of blue persian.

6. A head-dress of scarlet satin and white muslin, trimmed with beau[illegible] The dress of white muslin, with a body and train of scarlet satin, trimmed with black velvet.

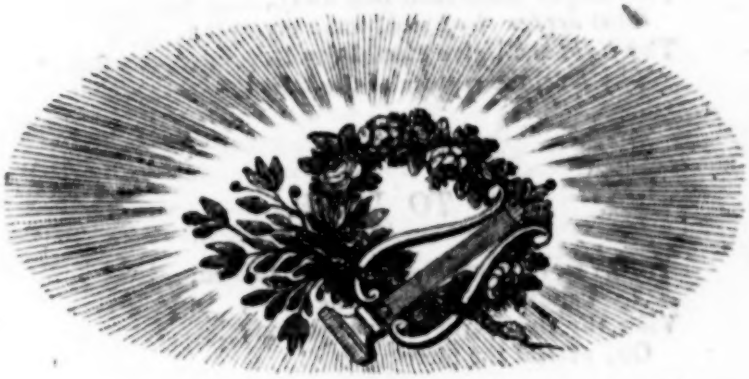
* Among the late additions made to this exhibition, the Battle of the Nile, a magnificent transparency extending across the stage, is very prominent.

BRITISH MUSEUM
28
46
NOV

Keep, Milliner, Pall Mall.

Payne, Dress Maker & Milliner, Old Bond Street.

BRITISH MUSEUM
28
NOV



The Apollonian Wreath.

HYMN

Composed by Dr. Hawkesworth, about a month before his death in 1773, and dictated to Mrs. H. before he rose in the morning, as the effusion of his mind in a wakeful hour.

IN Sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely pass'd the silent night;
At once I see the breaking shade,
And drink again the morning light.

New born---I bless the waking hour,
Once more, with awe, rejoice to *be*;
My conscious soul resumes her pow'r,
And springs, my gracious God, to Thee.

O, guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
When dangers press around my head.

A *deeper shade* will soon impend,
A *deeper sleep* my eyes oppress;
Yet still thy strength shall me defend,
Thy goodness still shall deign to bless.

That *deeper shade* shall fade away,
  That *deeper sleep* shall leave my eyes;
Thy *light* shall give eternal day!
  Thy *love*, the rapture of the skies!

TO LOVE.

LOVE, thou sweet, distracting passion,
  Pain and pleasure to the heart,
View thy slave with soft compassion;
  Oh, extract the piercing dart!

Forc'd, at last, to own thy pow'r,
  I hoping, trembling, fearing, lie;
Be propitious to the hour---
  Cause tormenting doubt to fly.

Soothe the feelings thou hast wounded,
  Lull each raging thought to rest;
Gently keep my wishes bounded;
  Ease the anguish of my breast.

Raise me--yet despairing, sorrowing---
  Ah, by you how much subdu'd!
Ev'ry other passion wandering,
  Only gentle Love I view'd.

Slighter make the deep impression
  Reason, Virtue yet repels;
Silent be the soft confession,
  Love all happiness excels.

Still my truant heart is straying
  All thy mazy lab'rinths o'er;
Illusive rapture bliss pourtraying,
  Sighing yet to find out more.

Thou can'st fill the soul with pleasure,
  Or can writhe it with despair;
Thou art now our hearts' best treasure,
  Now, the cank'ring worm of Care.

And, whene'er we're taught to languish,
  Taught to feel thy conqu'ring pow'r,
Little seems an age of anguish
  For one rapt'rous, fleeting hour.

Fame,

Fame, and wealth, and honors vanish ;
What are all they can bestow ?
Can they from this bosom banish
Love's unerring shafts of woe ?

Can they calm my painful feelings,
And with ecstacy delight ?
Sweetly, care and grief concealing,
Cheat me with delusion's flight ?

No ! their fascination's ended....
Tyrant Love can make them fall ;
Pain and pleasure sweetly blended,
Love alone possesses all !

A. S. H.

THE MOTHER.

RAPT'ROUS she clasps the infant to her breast,
And lulls the smiling cherub off to rest :
Anxious leans o'er, to watch each rising sigh,
And longs again to meet the open'd eye ;
See him awake, with arms stretch'd out, to find
A mother in the nurse, so fond, so kind.
Amaz'd she looks, yet feels convinc'd 'tis true,
Each rising hour fresh beauties brings to view :
Grateful to Heav'n, she bends her knee,
And cries...." Whate'er my fate may be,
" Save this dear babe from harm.
" In mercy hear a mother's pray'r...
" Thy blessings let this infant share,
" Thy grace his bosom warm.
" Guide him safe through this vale of tears,
" From sprightly youth to graver years ;
" And, when his thread of life is spun,
" May he sink like the setting sun ;
" With virtuous actions heap'd upon his head,
" That like the sun's last rays a lustre shed ;
" Which promise fair to rise more pure, more bright,
" More glorious in the world of light."

MARIA MENLY.

A NEW YEAR'S DAY EPISTLE

TO A LADY OF QUALITY FROM AN UNFASHIONABLE HUSBAND.

DEAR to my heart, and partner of my life,
Thou more than bosom friend, my bosom wife;
Scorning the vulgar grin, the modish sneer,
For thee thy husband hails the new-born year;
For thee, his fervent vows to Heav'n ascend,
That Heav'n's protecting arm thy steps may 'tend;
That, blest with peace, and love, and conscious worth,
Earnest and foretaste of a Heav'n on earth,
Thy life in calm contentment may be pass'd,
And many a year in bliss exceed the last!

At home, abroad, thy image fills my breast,
And *unreproving* * softness seals my rest:
How bless'd my hours, when seated by thy side,
Who know'st to smile, but *yet must learn* to chide;
My dearest joy, with thee each joy to part,
And more than share the sorrows of thy heart.
Ye who, in folly, youth's bright morn consume,
What friend shall cheer in Life's declining gloom!
Can Syren voices raise a note so clear
As those glad sounds that charm a parent's ear?
Can the seducing frail-one's wanton air,
Or bought embrace, with wedded love compare?
Oh! lost to love! to happiness! who stray
Where Dissipation lures with dazzling ray;
Where dicers' oaths, and midnight orgies sound,
And *heartless* pleasures *creep in one dull round.*
Far from the vacant joys that round her spring,
To thee I hasten, on Affection's wing;
To thee, and that lov'd home, where William's smile,
And our Maria's charms, thy cares beguile.
Oh! sweet employ! their happiness to plan,
And in the boyish hero read the man.
There, long, may blushing Candour, artless Truth,
The fairest blossoms of ingenuous youth;

---

* "And winning softness soothes my cares to rest,"

would, perhaps, flow smoother; but the epithet *unreproving* is *so charming* in the *character of a wife*, and sounds *so harmonious* in *a husband's ear*, that I could not bring myself to give up the sense for the sound.

And

And faithful Friendship's constant evergreen,
And Love's soft myrtle, variegate the scene!
There, rich in joys, resembling those above,
Flowing from Peace, Content, and mutual Love,
Midst the dear circle of our blest fireside,
May years succeeding years unruffled glide;
But if the storm of life should wildly beat,
Still to that haven may my bark retreat!
And, whilst I read my welcome in thine eye,
I'll brave the pelting of a ruthless sky;
Nor blush to own my happiness in view,
In each fond pray'r, for length of days for you.

Inner Temple. F.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR 1802.

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ. P. L.

LO, from Bellona's crimson car,
At length the panting steeds unbound;
At length the thunder of the war
In festive shouts of peace is drown'd:
Yet, as around her Monarch's brow
Britannia twines the olive bough,
Bold as her eagle-eye is cast
On hours of recent tempest past,
Thro' the rude wave and adverse gale,
When free she spread her daring sail,
Immortal Glory's radiant form,
Her guiding load-star through the storm;
Directed by whose golden ray,
Thro' rocks and shoals she kept her steady way.---
"My sons," she cries, "can Honour's guerdon claim,
"Unsoil'd my parent worth, unstain'd their Sovereign's fame."

Albion!---tho' oft by dread alarms
Thy native valour has been tried,
Ne'er did the lustre of thy arms
Shine forth with more refulgent pride
Than when, while Europe's sons, dismay'd,
Shrunk recreant from thy mighty aid,
Alone, unfriended, firm you stood,
A barrier 'gainst the foaming flood!

When mild and soft the silken breeze
Blows gently o'er the rippling seas,
The pinnace then may lightly sweep
With painted oar the halcyon deep;
But, when the howling whirlwinds rise,
When mountain billows threat the skies,
With ribs of oak the bark must brave
The inroad of the furious wave;
The hardy crew must to the raging wind
Oppose the sinewy arm, th' unconquerable mind.

In ev'ry clime where Ocean roars,
High though thy naval banners flew,
From where, by Hyperborean shores,
The frozen gale ungenial blew,
To sultry lands, that Indian surges lave,
Atlantic isles, and fam'd Canopa's wave;
Tho' from insulted Egypt's coast
Thy armies swept the victor host,
From veteran bands, where British valour won
The lofty walls of Ammon's godlike son!
Useless the danger and the toil
To free each self-devoted soil:
Auxiliar legions from thy side
Recede, to swell the Gallic conqu'ror's pride;
While on Marengo's fatal plain
Faithful to Honour's tie, brave Austria bleeds in vain!

Not fir'd by fierce Ambition's flame,
Did Albion's Monarch urge his car
Impetuous thro' the bleeding ranks of War,
To succour and protect his noble aim.
His guardian arm, while each Hesperian vale,
While Lusitania's vine-clad mountains hail,
Their antient rights and laws restor'd...
The Royal Patriot sheathes th' avenging sword;
By Heav'n-born Concord led, while Plenty smiles,
And sheds her bounties wide, to bless the Sister Isles.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN FOR THE FIRST OF JANUARY, 1802.

THE mournful Muse, when last this morning rose,
Dropt on her useless harp the silent tear:
She could not sing, but wept Britannia's woes;
Nor breath'd a note the public gloom to cheer;

For on her tuneful bow'rs, all bath'd in blood,
The demon War had fix'd his burning eyes:
And there, all pale, the form of Famine stood,
Beneath whose with'ring breath Creation dies.

But see, her charming face resume
Its smile, inspir'd, its wonted bloom;
And with her sweetest, gayest lay,
She hails thee, dear and happy day.
With thee is laughing Plenty seen,
And angel Peace, with look serene,
Who bids within the hero's breast
The calm domestic pleasures rest;
And, where the form of Glory shone,
The private virtues fix their throne.
Behold the infant's pallid face,
Which Want had robb'd of ev'ry grace,
Again the line of beauty shows,
And blooms with Health's reviving rose.
On ev'ry tongue what transport dwells,
And high the strain of gladness swells---
Till e'en on Sorrow's faded cheeks
A transient flush of pleasure breaks.

O, Thou! who from thy peaceful throne
Hast sent thy favour'd cherub down---
For that, upon this welcome day,
The grateful, humble pray'r we pay.
Thy sacred temples yet are free;
Our altars yet shall burn to Thee:
For this the year's first song we raise,
And consecrate it to Thy praise.

Dover. H. WALKER.

SONG,

SONG,

FOR A HIGHLAND DROVER RETURNING FROM ENGLAND.

[From "Rural Tales, Ballads, and Songs," by Robert Bloomfield, author of The Farmer's Boy.]

NOW, fare thee well, England:---no farther I'll roam,
But follow my shadow that points the way home:
Your gay southern shores shall not tempt me to stay,
For my Maggy's at home, and my children at play;
'Tis this makes my bonnet sit light on my brow,
Gives my sinews their strength, and my bosom its glow!

Farewell, Mountaineers---my companions, adieu!
Soon, many long miles when I'm sever'd from you,
I shall miss your white horns, on the brink of the bourn,
And o'er the rough heaths, where you'll never return:
But in brave English pastures you cannot complain,
While your Drover speeds back to his Maggy again!

O, Tweed, gentle Tweed, as I pass your green vales,
More than life, more than love, my tir'd spirit inhales;
There Scotland, my darling, lies full in my view,
With her barefooted lasses and mountains so blue!
To the mountains away---my heart bounds like the hind;
For home is so sweet, and my Maggy so kind!

As day after day I still follow my course,
And in fancy trace back ev'ry stream to its source,
Hope cheers me up hills, where the road lies before,
O'er hills just as high, and o'er tracks of wild moor,
The keen polar star nightly rising to view---
But Maggy's my star, just as steady and true!

O, ghosts of my fathers---O, heroes, look down;
Fix my wandering thoughts on your deeds of renown;
For the glory of Scotland reigns warm in my breast,
And fortitude grows both from toil and from rest;---
May your deeds and your worth be for ever in view,
And may Maggy bear sons not unworthy of you!

Love, why do you urge me, so weary and poor?---
I cannot step faster, I cannot do more;
I have pass'd silver Tweed, ev'n the Tay flows behind;
Yet fatigue I'll disdain---my reward I shall find:
Thou sweet smile of Innocence, thou art my prize,
And the joy that will sparkle in Maggy's blue eyes!

She'll

She'll watch to the southward---perhaps she will sigh,
That the way is so long, and the mountains so high!---
Perhaps some huge rock in the dusk she may see,
And will say, in her fondness, "That surely is he!"
Good wife, you're deceiv'd:---I'm still far from my home;
Go sleep, my dear Maggy---to-morrow I'll come.

THE EARL OF BUCHAN TO BLOOMFIELD,

RECITING HIS POEMS AT THE ADELPHI.

BLOOMFIELD, I come from Modan's holy spring*
To hear thee speak, to hear thee sweetly sing!
Sing on, thou Farmer's Boy, and soothe my soul;
I'll waft thy rural lays from pole to pole!
Sing, poet, sing the joys of peaceful life:
Britain shall now renounce her wonted strife.

"E'en all the joy that Vict'ry brings,
"Her bellowing guns and flaming pride,
"Cold momentary Comfort flings
"Around where weeping friends reside†."

Sing, poet, sing thy "Antient Wedded Pair;"
Let tears thro' smiles, and ev'ry joy be there.
Bloomfield, before thy days, when mine were green,
On Avon's bank poor Chatterton was seen;
I saw him, too, and his hard fate deplor'd---
And dropp'd a tear, tho' then a glitt'ring Lord!

Blacklock I lov'd, and his lov'd praise remains
To soothe my fancy in his dying strains.
Beattie was mine; and, would to Heav'n his days
Were cloth'd in light, and like his charming lays!
Praise from my lips 'twas Burns' delight to boast;
Mine was the glory---he deserv'd it most.
These are the joys of my declining years;
I hear the stormy stream‡, without its fears!

* Fountain of St. Modan, at Dryburgh.
† From Bloomfield's "French Mariner," in his *Rural Tales*, &c.
‡ "Strepitumque Acherontis avari."

CHARACTERS

CHARACTERS

THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN DRAWN ON TWELFTH NIGHT.

MISS TRUELOVE.

LONG hath the servile game been play'd
Of compliments, to make a trade;
Unwise, to think the gen'rous fair
Is to be caught in such a snare!
Sincerity, indeed, might move---
Alas! without it, what is love!
How weak, as well as rash, the plan,
A compliment, pay he who can;
No! when dear woman is the theme,
Know those who'd flatter, do but dream.
Exhaust the hyperbolic mine---
Ye cannot flatter what's divine.

LADY GADABOUT.

My life whirls on in one unceasing racket,
Moving from port to port, like foreign packet;
Frisking from drum to drum---from rout to rout,
If happiness---I've not yet found it out.

MADAME VANWADDLE.

She moves a mountain---Lady, have a care,
If you should slip---Oh! what a fall were there!

MRS. CANDOUR.

Because the tattle of the day I spread,
My visits why should prudish neighbours dread?
I do by them, as by myself I've done---
My character has long ago been gone.

MISS LYDIA TONGUE-PAD.

Oh! what a larum! worse than watchman's rattle,
Will thy tongue ne'er give o'er this wordy battle?
If blest the man whom thou *earwigg'st* for life,
Thrice blessed he who misseth such a wife!

MISS FORTUNE.

Few who take *Miss*, would *fortune* leave behind;
But fewer still would chuse *Misfortune join'd*.

THE QUEEN OF SMILES.

Much, too much, hath been said about beautiful faces,
And tropes without number have danc'd to the Graces;
Richer grounds for my praise, for I sing of Good-nature---
It heightens each charm, and brightens each feature,
And shines like the Sun through the volume of Nature.

TO

TO A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY,

ON HER DRAWING THE CHARACTER OF MADAME MARROWFAT, ON TWELFTH NIGHT.

THAT Fortune (as we read) is blind,
We, from the present instance, find,
Where ugliness of shape and face
Is drawn to represent thy grace;
Who shin'st alike in form and feature,
The loveliest child of simple Nature...
An angel's beauty, heav'nly bright,
Chang'd to a dæmon of the night.

J. S. M.

LINES,

Occasioned by the Author's being told by a Lady, that the lineaments of his countenance betrayed that grief preyed upon his heart.

DO, then, the feelings of my heart appear
Depictur'd even in my woe-worn face!
Adown my cheek I never dropt a tear
Whose pallid course e'en scrutiny could trace!

I never heav'd a sigh the world might hear;
Nor dar'd, obtrusive, tell mankind my pain;
I ne'er display'd each agonizing fear,
Tho' sensibility has been my bane!

The vulgar herd of men...ah! happy herd!
Know not the anguish of enlighten'd minds;
Of mental pains they never knew nor heard,
Nor fond attachment, that for ever binds.

Mere sensual passion is their sole delight,
Growth of an hour, and pleasure of a day;
A lively flame, that burns but for a night,
Then sinks, then languishes, and dies away.

Wounded by harshness and by cold neglect,
And sway'd by fancies that usurp my soul,
Whose endless source I never can detect,
But calmly suffer all their rude controul;

Is

Is it, then, strange to view the marks of woe
Live in the traces of each speaking nerve?
Each speaking nerve with vary'd anguish glow,
As vary'd as the changing ocean's curve?

Ah! yes....the sorrows of the soul will prey
Ev'n on the damask of a ruby lip;
Will silent waste the outward frame away,
And all the roses on the cheek will nip!

Crown-office Row, Temple. J. P. H.

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADES

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Charade I.—Ring-dove.
.....II.—Sham-rock.

NEW CHARADE.

MY First is the rich man's possession;
My Second encloses his state:
My Whole has the pow'r of oppression,
And is merely attach'd to the great.

Correspondence, &c.

We recommend to such of our Correspondents as have any room to doubt *of their Contributions being intended for* insertion, *(and who yet are tenacious of their literary Offspring)* to keep Copies of them *in their own possession: the Articles that we receive, and on perusal find it necessary to reject, are so extremely numerous, that, to avoid an intolerable trouble and loss of time in putting them up in Covers, to be* returned to the Authors, *we are compelled to throw them among our waste-paper. If Writers will adopt the above Hint, our practice will not be attended with either inconvenience or regret on their part.*

J. W.—Y. Z.—Laura,—*and* An Admirer of Modest Virtue, *are intended for insertion.*

We are unable to comprehend the meaning of Frederic M—'s Essay.

Ricardo's *Satire is mischievous, and therefore inadmissible.*

BRITISH MUSEUM
28
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NOV

Engd by Blackmore, from an Original Painting

Marie de Rabutin Chantal,

Marquise de Sevigne.

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